

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3167.—VOL. CXV.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1899.

WITH FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT SIXPENCE.



HER SOLDIERS' CHILDREN: THE QUEEN DISTRIBUTING GIFTS FROM HER CHRISTMAS TREE AT WINDSOR TO THE WIVES AND FAMILIES OF GUARDS AND RESERVISTS NOW AT THE FRONT.

Drawn by S. Begey.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Lord Roberts has taken with him to South Africa the confidence of his countrymen that he and Lord Kitchener will change the scene of this war from Natal to Pretoria. National confidence in our time means a good deal more than it did at the beginning of the century. What did the nation know for years about the campaigns in the Peninsula? Even Wellington had his "serious reverses," but they were not reported home by telegraph. No newspaper correspondent was at hand to describe the long spell of ill-fortune which forced the British troops to shelter in Portugal. What freedom would Wellington have had if every movement had been public property a few years after its failure? How many noblemen would have stood up at cattle-shows and denounced the conduct of the war in Spain? To-day our fighting generals cannot lose a man or a gun but all Fleet Street is agog at the incident. Lord Roberts was not allowed to sail without sending a message to the nation by the ubiquitous interviewer; and long before he reaches Cape Town the military critics in the newspapers will have provided him with a dozen plans of campaign, every one of them a masterpiece, though probably quite unlike his own.

These peculiar conditions of modern war tax the patience of the country severely. Our worst trials day by day are the telegrams that tell us nothing. Here is a campaign that has to be entirely remodelled by commanders fresh to the scene; they have to take the reinforcements arriving in dribbles, and weld them together, to say nothing of the troops already scattered over a wide area. The question of transport is of supreme importance, for without efficient transport our forces cannot emulate the activity of the enemy. With these things well in its mind, the public will jump to no hasty conclusions, but will settle down to dogged waiting. A friend of mine is fond of talking about the stubbornness of the Dutch—how the ancestors of our present foes wore out the fanatical zeal of Philip of Spain. Well, our ancestors defeated Philip of Spain and the Dutch too. If it comes to a contest of stubbornness, I will back the Briton against the most obstinate Dutchman that ever was created. Europe is surprised and grudgingly impressed by our self-containment. What did it expect? It is not the habit of Englishmen to cry "Treachery!" when they are struck by sudden misfortune.

Here and there, of course, is a mischievous spirit who seeks to excite suspicion and alarm. One notorious personage thought fit to send round the Press a series of charges against the British troops, which he had collected from some German print. He suggested that they ought to be disproved "for the sake of our national credit." I see Lord Methuen denies that the Highland Brigade at Magersfontein killed eighty-one wounded Boers. This particular calumny was invented by a Dutch paper at the Cape—a paper which has been circulating similar infamies for many months. Dr. Leyds declares that the appointment of Lord Roberts means that England is bent upon "a war of extermination." Perhaps Mr. Stead thinks we ought to disprove that. It offers an unlimited field to the fancy of our traducers, but it deserves to be treated in only one way, and that is contempt. Apparently Mr. Stead has abandoned our "atrocities" for the moment in order to make our flesh creep with an imaginary French invasion. While we are sending Regulars and Volunteers to the Cape, we are forgetting the 60,000 men who are lurking somewhere on the French coast, watching an opportunity to invade us. These desperate fellows will make a raid on London. Mr. Stead sees them already smashing the Crystal Palace, for they will stick at nothing.

When you have recovered from the first shock of this revelation, you may ask how the invaders are to get here. Will they cross in the Calais boat, disguised as the genial sailors who offer basins and tarpaulins to suffering passengers? Will one of these be distraught to overhear two mariners discussing their respective shares of the London loot—which of them is to take the Bank and which the Monument? Mr. Stead leaves us in the dark on this point. He admits that the raid would have to be made without a declaration of war; but the French Chamber would turn out M. Waldeck-Rousseau's Ministry, and put in any set of rascals who would violate the law of nations. Well, that is one difficulty surmounted; but how are the French to collect sufficient transports, and embark their 60,000 warriors, before we can summon the Channel Fleet to send them all to the bottom? We understand the transport business pretty well, and know exactly how long it took to prepare the ships to carry an Army Corps to South Africa. Can the French do in a few hours what it took us weeks to do? Or does Mr. Stead imagine that the French transports are all ready, about sixty of them, with steam up, together with their attendant ironclads, and that every skipper is only waiting for the signal to cry "A Londres!" and make straight for Dover?

I can guess the object of Mr. Stead's Christmas bogey. He would like the nation to be so scared by this impossible invasion as to prevent the Government from sending any more troops to the Cape. If there are not enough troops,

the desire of Mr. Stead's heart may be gratified, and the war may be ended by mediation, or some other means of recognising that Mr. Kruger has had the best of it, and must be left entirely to his own devices. It is a childlike calculation which overlooks the fact that Englishmen never let themselves be frightened out of any serious undertaking. Some people think it is dangerous to send away from our shores 7000 Volunteers out of a quarter of a million. That is supposed to put temptation in the foreigner's way. This misgiving will not kindle distrust in the public mind, for there is absolute confidence in the Navy. Sir Charles Dilke enlightened a French interviewer the other day by telling him that our Navy was a match for any two foreign navies, that whatever shipbuilding might be undertaken abroad, this proportion of maritime strength would be strictly preserved. That is why our flesh refuses to creep even at the bidding of the author of "Letters from Julia."

I fancy that if the French would make up their minds to invade England they would let out the secret by arresting British tourists in the Rue de Rivoli. A Frenchwoman who has been telling the readers of the *Westminster Gazette* why her compatriots dislike us, says it is largely on account of the strange Englishwomen who haunt the streets of Paris. They may be seen any afternoon in the Rue de Rivoli, in clumsy bicycle-skirts, with flat chests, untidy hair, enormous feet, prominent teeth, lustreless eyes, and straw hats. They are piloted by gentlemen in knickerbockers, worsted stockings, and tweed suits, and in the evening they all go to the Folies Bergère or the Moulin Rouge. By their costumes and their manners they inflame the Parisians with a desire to reform the land of their origin; and when Mr. Stead's 60,000 invaders come over it will be for the express purpose of destroying all bicycle-skirts, straw hats, worsted stockings; taking all girls with prominent teeth to the dentist, forcing them to employ French hairdressers, and putting lustre into their eyes by making them attend reviews of the conquerors in Hyde Park. But isn't the correspondent of the *Westminster* the victim of a conventional exaggeration in Paris? Is it in the Rue de Rivoli or the caricatures that she has seen this particular type of Englishwoman? Certainly it exists; but it is not all-pervading. No Englishman, even in worsted stockings, dreams of taking his womankind, even in straw hats, to the Moulin Rouge.

For every ill-dressed woman of our race in Paris there are probably a dozen women who dress well enough to escape hostile notice; but it would be well if our tourists would remember that tweed suits morning and evening, and ill-made bicycle-skirts are not welcome in foreign capitals. I can remember a time, however, when English ladies, dwelling in the provinces, did not always think it necessary to pack their best clothes for a holiday visit to London. I once had an aunt—rest her kind soul!—who brought me up to town for the first time, a schoolboy in a short jacket, thinking Euston a palace among railway stations, and the pavement of the Strand almost as golden as Dick Whittington expected to find it. I never hear the *Westminster* chimes at midnight even now without a tremor of the old romantic fancy they used to stir in a boyish brain. Well, my aunt never would wear in town the imposing raiment she wore at home. She donned her oldest gown and a straw hat—yes, a straw hat—that must have dated back to her girlhood. In Regent Street one afternoon this headgear caused such a commotion that two rude persons in a hansom burst into a roar of laughter. I looked into a shop window, and dug my nails into my hands with shame till I heard my aunt placidly remark, "Ah! I suppose they are laughing at my hat." The pride of the gentlewoman was unruined, and all of a sudden I felt proud of my aunt's spirit. But what a relief it was when the hat of her girlhood vanished, to be seen no more!

I was in two playhouses last week, and neither of them seemed to be as flourishing as it deserved. This public neglect, I hope, is temporary. When the playgoer is in no mood for the theatre, the player is apt to suffer. The piece may "come off," and then the winter dons a still wintrier garb for the professional mirth-maker. He often has troubles enough without that. Missing a popular low comedian from the bill one evening, I asked what had become of him. "He buried his wife to-day," was the answer, "and he has four children in the hospital." It brought back the old anecdote of Grimaldi and the doctor. "You are suffering from low spirits," said the doctor to a patient. "Go and see Grimaldi." "I am Grimaldi," said the patient. I would put it to the playgoer at this moment that if he does not go to see Grimaldi, Grimaldi may run some risk of being out of an engagement. Personally, my only quarrel with the playhouse is that in a certain kind of entertainment the chorus are all in modern walking dress. This is an innovation of late years that preys on my mind. I like to see the chorus ladies in fancy costumes, and I am grieved by the young men who come on and sing in dazzling silk hats and grey frock-coats. Hats and coats of those patterns are quite out of harmony with song. Thus does my conservative soul war with the spirit of the age! But for all that, I will not boycott the theatre on account of the silk hats!

THE TRANSVAAL WAR REVIEWED.

BY A MILITARY CORRESPONDENT.

The situation in South Africa may not to outward seeming have changed much since the news arrived of Buller's reverse on the banks of the Tugela; but in reality a notable transformation has taken place, and in several essential respects the new state of things is preferable to the old. Now we have not only realised the magnitude of the task before us—a good many of us realised that many weeks back—but we have risen to the occasion as a great nation should, with the result that in a few days we have both grappled with the situation afresh, and under vastly improved conditions. By resolving to treat the war in South Africa as an emergency of the most serious and comprehensive description, the Government has not only acted wisely in its own interests, but has revealed those generally hidden resources in which the true strength of England's Imperial greatness lies. Viewed rightly, the military situation to-day is more cheering than it was when Symons's gallant handful stormed Talana Hill, or the Guards carried one Boer position after another at the battle of Belmont.

It is something of which as a nation we have a right to be proud that, within a bare week of the arrival of the news of Buller's reverse upon the banks of the Tugela, Lord Roberts should have started for South Africa, and that it should have been possible for him to pick up at Gibraltar his Chief of the Staff. Stricken with sorrow for the untimely death of his gallant only son, "Bobs" has not hesitated an instant in responding to the call of duty, which his seven-and-sixty years and glorious war record would have given him such clear title to disregard. Throwing aside the work to which he has devoted so much anxious thought and such unremitting care, Lord Kitchener of Khartoum has left the Soudan to hurry to the front as another's Chief of the Staff. Thus, in little more than three weeks from the ill-fated attempt to cross the Tugela and force a position in the circumstances impregnable, the conduct of military affairs in South Africa will have passed into the hands of two out of the three or four only officers we possess who have had experience of moving considerable forces in the field.

Whatever else they may do, Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener, by virtue of sheer distinction and practical knowledge, inspire the profoundest confidence, and, accordingly, their appointment confers upon the war a dignity which it can hardly be said to have possessed hitherto. Strong man and fine soldier as Buller unquestionably is, he lacks the commanding influence which is attached to the names of Roberts of Kandahar and Kitchener of Khartoum, and in several respects would have had before him a harder task than now lies before the two really great men who will shortly represent us at the front. One thing at least is certain, and that is the fact that we have now sent out our very best men, and also have made up our minds to support them literally through thick and thin. Whatever happens in the near future, we know that Roberts and Kitchener together will act absolutely for the best, and they have only to ask for what they deem necessary.

Indeed, what the nation has already done to demonstrate its willingness in this direction is sufficiently impressive. Apart from such matters as war funds, and the preparations which the authorities have made to send out Regular reinforcements, apart even from the magnificent goodwill displayed by the Colonies in redoubling their offers of substantial contingents, the past fortnight has produced such a glow of patriotic enthusiasm in home civilian circles that it is almost a matter of congratulation that the course of war in South Africa should have been chequered by such serious reverses. The response to the suggestion that a large force of specially selected Yeomanry and Volunteers should be sent to the front has been simply superb, and, indeed, could hardly have been surpassed if the country had been in a really critical position. It is true that murmurs of annoyance and disappointment are heard on all sides, but they arise not from a nation which has "no stomach for the fight," but from thousands upon thousands for whom no room can be found in the ranks of the Imperial Yeomanry, the City of London Corps, or the Volunteer companies which have been so carefully selected for attachment to every line battalion now serving in or about to be sent to South Africa. A nation that grows and grumbles because it cannot go in a mass against a dangerous enemy may not be a military nation, but it has got concealed somewhere about it a fighting spirit which will always carry it a long way towards victory in any conflict, however terrible, in which it may be engaged.

It is permissible to discuss the situation this week in these general terms because, as a matter of fact, from South Africa itself there has been, at the time of writing, no real news for many days. Fresh accounts of the battle on the Tugela keep coming in, but they do not add materially to what we already know of that unfortunate affair. It now appears that both Sir Redvers Buller and Sir C. F. Clery were grazed by bullets during the action, but, happily, in neither was the injury appreciable. Both at Colenso and at Magersfontein the Boers continue to entrench themselves, and there is no question that the two positions are now of very great strength indeed. Bombardment on our part has been tried, and at Magersfontein with some result, so far as destruction of a fair number of the enemy is concerned. But mere bombardment by a very few guns is of little but moral use in such a connection. Possibly we may hear shortly of further developments between Chieveley and Ladysmith; but for the present there is something in the nature of an *impasse*, which can only be seriously modified by the arrival of reinforcements on a large scale and the recommencement of operations on an altered basis.

CASUALTIES AT THE FRONT.

Lieutenant-Colonel Gerald Lionel Joseph Goff, killed at Magersfontein, had commanded since the July of last year the 1st Battalion of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, which he joined as a subaltern in 1875, rising to the rank of Captain in 1884 and to that of Major in 1892. He went through the Zulu War of 1879, and had a medal and clasp for his services at the relief of Ekowe.

Lieutenant-Colonel H. A. Eagar, of the 2nd Royal Irish Rifles, was wounded at Stormberg.

A member of Lord Durham's family among the wounded at Magersfontein is his brother, Major the Hon. William Henry Lambton, of the 1st Coldstream Guards. He was born in 1867, and last saw service so recently as at Atbara and Khartoum in the Sudan Campaign of last year.

Major J. F. W. Charley, of the 1st Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, who has died of wounds received in the battle of Colenso, has held his present rank since the June of last year.

The long list of the dead at Magersfontein has not yet been exhausted on our Portrait Pages. We there reproduce to-day a photograph of Major Ray, of the 1st Northumberland Fusiliers. Wounded in the same fight were Second Lieutenant J. Hall, Second Lieutenant C. F. Waterhouse, and Second Lieutenant Baillie, all three of them very young officers of the 2nd Seaforth Highlanders, whose two years of military life have been sufficiently eventful; Second Lieutenant G. Pollett, of the Coldstream Guards; and Captain Cameron, of the 2nd Royal Highlanders.

Captain Timothy Fetherstonhaugh, of the 2nd Battalion Seaforth Highlanders, wounded at Magersfontein, had seen a good deal of service with his regiment. He was with the Hazara Expedition in 1891, and with the Chitral Relief Force under Sir Robert Low in 1895; and he acted as Assistant Field Engineer, during a portion of that year, to the 3rd Brigade.

Captain J. C. Knapp, who fell, at the age of forty-three, in a sortie, after braving the dangers of Elands-laagte and Lombard's Kop, was an old hand at South African service. In 1877-78 he served with the Cape Mounted Rifles, and afterwards held a commission in the Cape Regular Infantry. A pioneer of Bulawayo, he helped to organise the Rhodesia Horse, and had a hand in the Matabele campaign, commanding Gifford's Horse when Colonel the Hon. Maurice Gifford himself was wounded. When this war began, Captain Knapp was placed in command of a squadron of Imperial Light Horse, at the head of which he met with his death. Despite his military activities, Captain Knapp was a managing director of Rhodesia, Limited, and such was the regard he won for himself that Earl Grey has declared "the whole of Rhodesia is poorer for his loss."

Captain George Paley, who entered the 1st Battalion Rifle Brigade 1892, and became Captain in the 2nd Brigade only in August last, was among the dangerously wounded in Colonel Metcalfe's successful sortie from Ladysmith. After taking part in the battle of Omdurman, he went to Crete, where he served as a District Commissioner during the British administration of that island. He returned to South Africa in October.

Captain Frank O. Loftus, of the 1st Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, killed in the battle of Colenso, belonged to an Irish family well known in County Kilkenny, and was twenty-six years of age. From the West Coast of Africa, whither he was lately sent on special service, he was invalided home, but recovered in time to accompany his regiment to South Africa—the land in which he was destined, after all, to find his grave.

Captain Arthur Henry Bacon, of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, killed at Colenso, was born in 1862, and entered the Army when he was twenty-one. This fatal campaign was also his first, but he had done useful work as Adjutant of the Royal Dublin City Militia for a period of five years.

Captain A. J. Hancock, of the 1st Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, wounded at Colenso, received his present rank in the July of 1891. His brother officer, Captain W. F. Hessey, also of the 1st Inniskilling Fusiliers, and also wounded at Colenso, is his junior by some years, for he received his Captaincy in 1898.

Elands-laagte still remains the best name by which the British soldier may conjure in South Africa. One of the wounded in that gallant fight was Captain A. L. H. Buchanan, of the 2nd Gordon Highlanders, an officer who joined the Army before he reached manhood, and who has held his present rank since the August of 1896.

Captain Alexander Frederick Lambton, 1st Battalion Highland Light Infantry, killed at Magersfontein, was the son of Colonel F. W. Lambton, and one of the numerous near relatives of Lord Durham engaged in the war. He was nineteen years of age when he entered the Army in 1888, and he was promoted to a company in 1896.

Captain Archibald J. Campbell, of the 1st Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, reported as among the slightly wounded at Magersfontein, is thirty-two years of age, has had his Captaincy since last year, and served in Rhodesia in 1896.

Among the officers wounded at Colenso of whom portraits are now given are Captain E. J. Buckley, who was born in 1870, and Lieutenant H. A. Leverson, both of the 1st Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, Lieutenant H. B. W. Gardiner, of the 2nd Devonshire Regiment, Lieutenant MacLeod, of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, and Second Lieutenant J. W. Whiffen, of the 1st Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.

The portraits are given to-day of two stalwarts of those local troops which have done such good service that they are now to be largely strengthened in numbers—Lieutenant Jenkins, of Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry, who was killed at Colenso, and Mr. Samuel Brown, of the Border Mounted Rifles, who was killed at Rietfontein.

Lieutenant Hugh C. Fernyhough, of the Yorkshire Light Infantry, was among the wounded at Gras Pan, the field that proved so costly to officers of the Naval Brigade. He has been in the Army since 1894, and he was then twenty-two.

Lieutenant Ernest Cox, of the 2nd Seaforth Highlanders, killed at Magersfontein, was thirty-one years of age. Last year he acted as extra A.D.C. to the General Officer commanding the British Division during the Sudan Expedition, and was present at the battle of Khartoum.

Sergeant Marcus Griffin, of the Royal Army Medical Corps, whose portrait is given to-day, was killed in the railway accident at Pinefoot, Maritzburg, on his way to the front.

Private S. Sugden, of the 2nd Rifle Brigade, who was killed at Ladysmith, deserves a special word for his bravery. His, one may add, is a face that is particularly reflective, and anything but that of an "absent-minded beggar." Saddler Fox, too, of the 10th Hussars, who was wounded at Naauwpoort, is shown in his portrait what he proved to be in action—very responsible and very alert.

BOOKS TO READ.

LONDON: DEC. 26, 1899.

At one time, and not so very long ago, the Rev. W. H. Fitchett was known simply as a Wesleyan Methodist minister, head of the Ladies' Methodist College in Melbourne. A few years pass, and he is probably the most popular of living historians. Thousands have read his "Deeds That Won the Empire" and "Fights for the Flag." He is now devoting his fine faculty for picturesque writing to a more important task than those episodes of valour and heroism offered. He is telling the story of the Twenty Years' War, of those who, in strange lands and under strange skies, fought and died for England. "How England Saved Europe: the Story of the Great War, 1793-1815" (Smith Elder) will be in four volumes. Two have been published. He who wants a vivid, glowing account of that dire time cannot do better than start at once upon Volume I. Mr. Fitchett selects the vital incidents, and sets them forth in a manly, straightforward fashion. There is no pretence about his writing, no affectation, no fumbling after effect; the flashing phrases—and they are not few—are kindled by the heat of the narrative, and remain part of it. Such writing is far from easy; it needs knowledge, enthusiasm, sincerity, and restraint, and these are all part of Mr. Fitchett's equipment. In these days, when the accounts of battles are scanned in London while the fallen are still being gathered from the field of battle, when we treat every incident as if it were an event, the reading of history—history that gives the proper proportion of the parts to the whole—becomes almost a duty. We learn the wisdom of keeping the end steadily before us, and the folly of fussing about untoward happenings that are but steps towards the attainment of the ultimate object. That lesson Mr. Fitchett's account of the story of the Twenty Years' War teaches. His narrative of the follies and calamities that stained the earlier years makes one wonder that we ever accomplished anything. It also inspires confidence at the present moment—

The blaze of a hundred victories by British soldiers in the later stages of the great war, from the Peninsula to Waterloo, hides in merciful obscurity the failures and disasters of previous years. It was not that Great Britain had no army; her statesmen did not know how to use it, nor her generals how to lead it. The art of victory seemed to have temporarily emigrated from the British Army.

At a time when the Colonies are rallying so splendidly around the Mother Country, it is fitting that a colonist should be telling the story of this tremendous chapter in our Imperial history. The cause of Imperialism is not a cause that appeals to all, and when we have lived down these anxious times, it will, I am glad to think, fall again into its proportionate place in the scheme of things, but it can suffer nothing from being in the hands of such a capable and captivating historian as Mr. Fitchett.

After glory, grief; after heroism, tears for the dead, and prayers. Here are two books, beautiful and apt, and little books. They are "English Elegies," edited by J. C. Bailey (Lane), and "Prayers from the Poets" (Blackwood). The word elegy has been defined as often as the word lyric, and as variously. The most generally acceptable definition of elegy is, I think, "that form of lyric in which the dominant mood is the yearning for that which has been and is not." The subject of the majority of elegies is death, and it is from this class that Mr. Bailey has made his selection. Many modern examples find a place—such as Matthew Arnold's "Geist's Grave," Mr. Swinburne's "Ave atque Vale," Mrs. Meynell's "To the Beloved Dead," Mr. Watson's "Lacrymæ Musarum," and Mr. Bridges' "Elegy on a Lady whom Grief for the Death of her Betrothed Killed." "Prayers from the Poets" makes a fitting companion volume. It is a small book, garbed in violet, and the editors have performed their work with taste and feeling. Coleridge's too little-known prayer, of course, finds a place.

Mrs. Hugh Bell's "Conversational Openings" (Arnold) is an amusing little book. She starts from the supposition that most people can talk when they have once made a beginning. The difficulty is to make a beginning, or rather, to expand the opening commonplace remark into a sturdy sustained conversation. Her theory is that the number of openings being limited, success depends on the way the opening remark is engineered. Here is a successful example. It is called the "Gourmet Opening." Let it be supposed that Black is the man, and White the woman—

BLACK. WHITE.
(Handing White the menu.) Do you think women ought
Are you interested in this not to be?
dinner?

Which at once opens the way to an exciting and interesting discussion. If White's answer had been merely "I am!" or "Thank you!" the ball of conversation would have immediately dropped to the ground. Even if guests do not adopt Mrs. Bell's method, the book itself makes a capital subject for conversation. QUILL.

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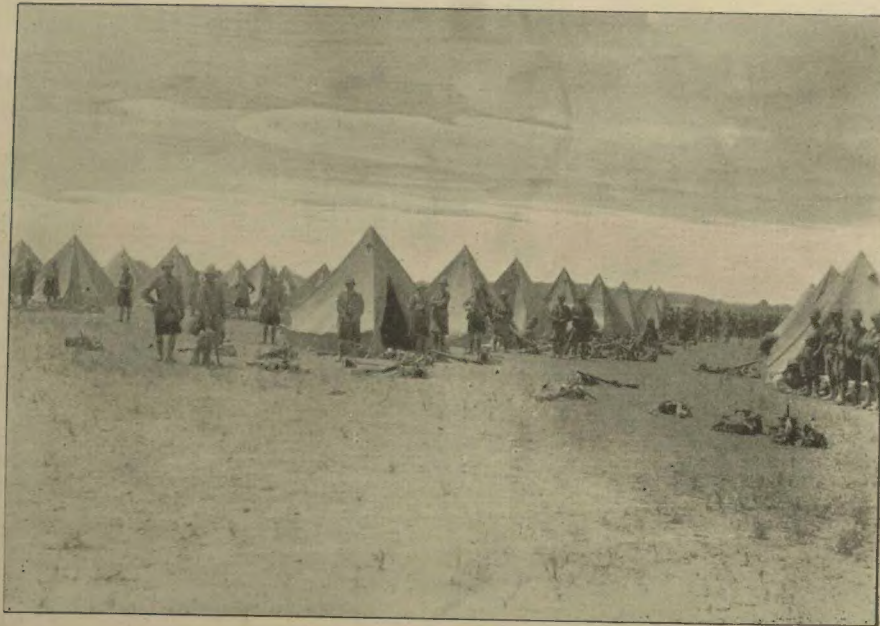
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THE TRANSVAAL WAR: SCENES AT THE FRONT.

Photographs by H. van Lann, De Aar.



ENCAMPMENT OF ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS AT ORANGE RIVER.



ENCAMPMENT OF THE ROYAL ENGINEERS SOUTH-EAST OF DE AAR: MILITARY STORES IN BACKGROUND.

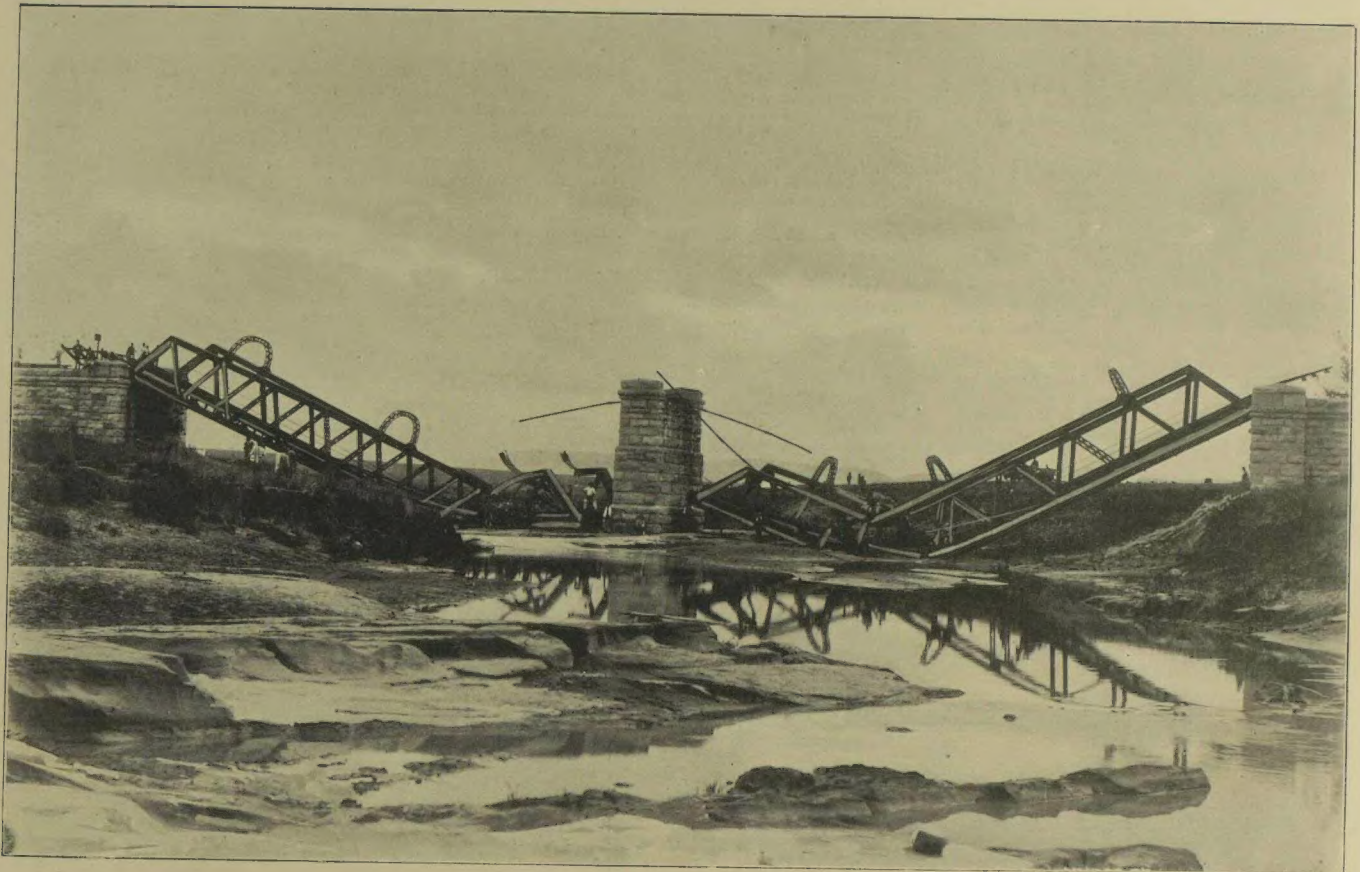
Mr. de Kock.



ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS ENTRAINING AT ORANGE RIVER FOR THE FRONT.



BOER PRISONERS CAPTURED AT BELMONT IN PRISON-VAN AT ORANGE RIVER, EN ROUTE FOR SIMON'S TOWN.



FREIRE BRIDGE, NATAL GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS, THE FIRST TO BE BLOWN UP BY THE BOERS IN THEIR RETREAT FROM ESTCOURT TO COLENZO.
This bridge, twenty-nine miles south of Ladysmith, consists of two spans of one hundred feet each. A trestle bridge is now complete alongside the wreckage.

Photo. S. S. Watkins.



AMALFI, THE SCENE OF THE TERRIBLE LANDSLIP ON DECEMBER 22.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE QUEEN'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

On Boxing Day her Majesty graciously entertained in St. George's Hall, Windsor, the wives and families of the Guards and Reservists who have gone from Windsor to the war. The guests arrived between three and four o'clock, and were received by members of the royal household and members of the local branch of the Soldiers' Families Association. Tea was served at two tables 111 ft. long, decorated as on State occasions, the Queen having especially desired that the scene should be as brilliant as possible. In the Hall stood a huge Christmas tree, 25 ft. high, brought from Windsor Great Forest and splendidly illuminated by electricity. The tree was laden with useful articles, toys, and bonbons. Members of the royal household assisted in the work of distributing the presents. The guests were waited on at tea by Princess Beatrice, the Duchess of Albany, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Eua of Battenberg, the Duchess of Connaught and Princesses Margaret and Patricia of Connaught, and the ladies of the royal household. Her Majesty was wheeled in by her Indian attendant, and held a reception of the guests. The Queen made a tour of the tables, often stopping to talk with the women. Afterwards with her own hands she distributed some of the presents, and appeared in the pleasantest light surrounded by a happy group of

Currie gave the last salute, "Good-bye, my Lord!" and Lord Roberts's cheery tones came back across the widening distance, "Good-bye to you all!"

LORD CHESHAM.

Lord Chesham, on whom has fallen the honourable, but by no means honorary, task of organising the Yeomanry contingent for service in South Africa, spent nine years of his life in the Regular Army. In 1870 he entered the Coldstream Guards, and three years later exchanged into the 10th Hussars. He afterwards joined the 16th Lancers, and retired as Captain in 1879. He is now the Honorary Colonel of the Buckinghamshire Yeomanry Cavalry. Lord Chesham, who is in his fiftieth year, married in 1877 Beatrice, second daughter of the late Duke of Westminster.

THE LATE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER.

The death of the Duke of Westminster, even in war-time, is an event which asserts its importance. Apart from his great possessions, the late Duke had a wide influence. His simplicity of character, his industry in the management of his property, the rectitude of his career upon the turf, his painstaking zeal in the study of social problems—all contributed to create for him a reputation that outshone his many millions. In a sense he may be said to have been a victim to his devotion to duty. He had a good constitution, and was a good specimen, even in these days,

a daughter of the second Duke of Sutherland, by whom he had a large family, some of whom he survived. In 1882 he married secondly a daughter of the late Lord Chesham, a sister-in-law of one of his own daughters by his first wife. The late Duke, who outlived by many years his eldest son, Earl Grosvenor, is succeeded by his grandson, Viscount Belgrave, who is now twenty, and is acting as A.D.C. to Sir Alfred Milner at Cape Town.

THE LANDSLIP AT AMALFI.

A terrible landslip occurred on Dec. 22 at Amalfi, on the Gulf of Salerno. A huge mass of rock and earth detached itself from the heights above the town, and swept into the sea, crushing a number of houses and the Albergo dei Capuccini, a hotel well known to tourists. The Inter-Provincial Road and the lighthouse were also carried away. It is reported that Miss Alice Weir, second daughter of Mr. Weir, M.P., and her companion, Madame Sprinck, who were staying at the Hôtel Santa Catarina, lost their lives. Up to the present two bodies have been recovered, and it is known that ten persons at least were injured.

THE HOSPITAL-SHIP "MAINE."

On Saturday, Dec. 16, an interesting ceremony took place at the West India Docks on board the American women's hospital-ship *Maine*, when the Duke of

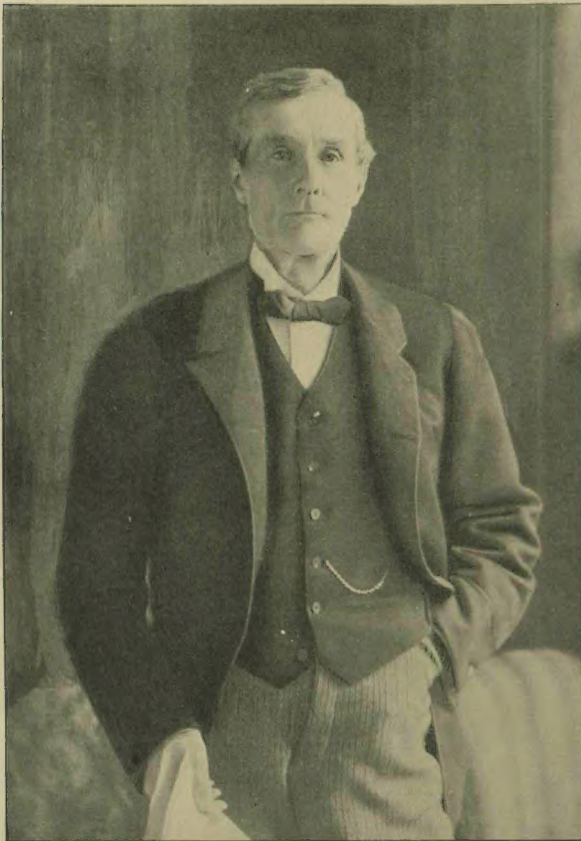


Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER.



Photo. Edwards.

LORD CHESHAM, ORGANISING THE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

children. Long before the ceremony had ended a merry din of toy trumpets and drums testified to the loyal hilarity of the younger guests.

DEPARTURE OF LORD ROBERTS.

Amid a scene of great enthusiasm, Field-Marshal Lord Roberts left Waterloo Station about noon on Dec. 23. So insistent was the crowd that all hope of keeping the platform clear had to be abandoned by the officials, but the confusion was, doubtless, excusable, considering the present state of public feeling. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge, the Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne, Earl Spencer, Lord Wolseley, Mr. Balfour, and many other distinguished people attended at the station to bid the renowned General goodspeed; and at the last moment the Prince of Wales, amid tremendous public excitement, shook hands with Lord Roberts again and again, and gave him his own and the nation's heartiest good wishes. When the train moved, Lord Roberts was still on the platform, and he had to jump in briskly to avoid being left behind, an incident which supplied the halfpenny evening Press with material for faint jests and flaring headlines. Sir Donald Currie travelled on the train. At Southampton the scene was, by contrast, quieter. Lord Roberts was accompanied on board the *Dunottar Castle* by his wife and daughters, and after luncheon the party went to see the Field-Marshal's five horses. At a quarter past four Lady Roberts and the Misses Roberts left the vessel, Lord Roberts coming down the gangway with them, so that the farewells were spoken on English soil. Then his Lordship stepped briskly on board again, and amid renewed cheering the steamer cast off her moorings. During a lull Sir Donald

of a man of seventy-four. He disliked the prospect of winter in a climate from which, however, he refused to fly, in view of the many interests and duties that made demands on his attention. A visit to his granddaughter, Lady Shaftesbury, at St. Giles House, Shaftesbury, Dorset, gave him, he thought, a favourable change of climate. But his old enemy found him there, and an attack of pneumonia gave him three days of illness, and ended in his death.

Hugh Lupus Grosvenor, P.C., K.G., Lord Lieutenant of London and of Cheshire, and High Steward of Westminster, was the son of the second Marquis of Westminster, and was born at the family seat, Eaton Hall, Chester. His mother was a daughter of the first Duke of Sutherland. Educated at Eton and Balliol, he went into Parliament, sitting for Chester in the Liberal interest. In 1860 he had his suspicions of the Reform Bill introduced by his party, and an amendment he proposed led to the famous debate in which Mr. Gladstone made his familiar declaration that he was bred "under the shadow of the great name of Canning." Just thirty years ago he succeeded to the Marquisate, and his general support of the Liberal party in the House of Lords was rewarded by a dukedom—the only dukedom Mr. Gladstone conferred. The falling-out between the Duke and Mr. Gladstone over Home Rule is well known—a falling-out which had the poet's sequel: the disputants "kissed again with tears." The abiding result was one on which the public had reason to congratulate itself, for Millais's fine portrait of Gladstone, ejected from Eaton Hall and placed on the market, was bought by Sir Charles Tennant for presentation to the nation. A bare mention of the Duke's charities and of the causes he prospered by his purse and by his personal support would fill greater space than is here at disposal. In 1852 His Grace married his cousin,

Connaught hoisted the Union Jack which has been presented to the vessel by her Majesty. Among the distinguished people present were the Duchess of Connaught, the Princess Louise, the Lord Chancellor, Sir Arthur Sullivan, and Mrs. Griffen, Mrs. Blow, and Mrs. Ronalds, office-bearers of the American Women's Society in London, who have so admirably helped the enterprise. The Duke of Connaught, in the course of an appropriate speech, referred to the combination of the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes, and begged Lady Randolph Churchill to accept her Majesty's gift. The Bishop of Islington then blessed the Union Jack, which his Royal Highness ran up to the mainmast. At the same time the Stars and Stripes were hoisted at the mizzen, and the Red Cross on the foremast, while the band of the Scots Guards played "Rule, Britannia."

SCENES AT DE AAR.

From De Aar we have received a number of interesting scenes depicting the movements of troops there and in the neighbourhood. The encampment of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders was situated at Orange River, and the Illustration was taken just ten minutes after orders were received to proceed northwards. Another picture shows the railway van set apart for the use of white prisoners. In the right-hand corner, with his back to the camera, is Mr. de Kock, a Belmont storekeeper, arrested for giving information to the Boers. Next him, in a straw hat, is his clerk. Both were captured in the act of bearing arms against the British. They are now confined at Simon's Town. Our larger war-pictures, which practically explain themselves, deal chiefly with the successful action at the Modder River.

PERSONAL.

Sir Richard Thorne Thorne, who died suddenly on Dec. 18, held the appointment of



Photo. Bassano
THE LATE SIR RICHARD THORNE THORNE.

Principal Medical Officer of the Local Government Board. He was born in 1841. The medical schools of St. Bartholomew's Hospital and London University equipped him for his medical career. In 1870 he was attached to the Medical Department of the Privy Council, where he worked for many years. At the first International Sanitary Congress he was delegate of the British Government, and in the deliberations of that and

of subsequent meetings he bore a prominent part. In 1893 he was her Majesty's Plenipotentiary for signing the Sanitary Convention of Dresden. In 1897 he was made a K.C.B. Sir Richard was a member of the leading learned and scientific societies. To our knowledge of defences against cholera and plague he made beneficent contributions. In 1866 he married a daughter of the late Mr. Joseph Rylands, of Hull.

Mr. Winston Churchill is more persuasive than he imagined. He did not wait for General Joubert's reply to his protest against being treated as a combatant, but escaped from Pretoria to Delagoa Bay. General Joubert wrote that he was quite willing to take Mr. Churchill's word that he was a non-combatant, and ordered his release. The Government journal at Pretoria asserts that Mr. Churchill escaped in female attire. It would not be the first time this device has been employed by irrepres-

sible captives.

General Sir Henry Radford Norman, who died at his residence near Cheltenham on Dec. 16, was the son of the Rev. J. H. Norman. He was educated for the Army, and entered the 10th Foot in 1838, when he was just twenty years of age. Seven years after he joined he saw active service in the Sutlej Campaign, taking part in the battle of Sobraon and the occupation of Lahore. He saw service also at the battle of Gujrat, the siege of Multan, and the action of Soojarkoond, during the Punjab Campaign of 1848-49. The Mutiny brought



Photo. Lombard.
THE LATE GENERAL SIR HENRY NORMAN.

him further distinction. He was present at the siege and capture of Lucknow, and was in a number of actions. In 1881 he was placed on the retired list. Four years ago he was appointed Colonel of the Manchester Regiment. Among his distinctions were a C.B. for his services in the Mutiny, and a K.C.B. conferred upon him in the last list of birthday honours.

The health and pleasure resort of Hastings and St. Leonards is never dull. In the winter and spring it is freely patronised by fashionable and affluent folk, the mild climate and wealth of sunshine being attractive features of the watering-place. The country in the neighbourhood is delightful, and rich in romance and historic interest. Hunting can be enjoyed almost every day of the week.

The Sultan's brother-in-law, Mahmoud Pasha, who lately escaped from Constantinople to Paris, says that he was accused of treason because he favoured the British project for the Euphrates Valley Railway. The Sultan eventually decided to grant the concession to the German company. Possibly his unbrotherly feelings towards Mahmoud influenced this decision. Mahmoud Pasha declares that the German railway is undesirable, because it will need a heavy guarantee from the Turkish treasury, whereas the British plan dispensed with any guarantee. But the Sultan is not governed by economics.

A Mr. Norman, of Massachusetts, has been telling his branch of the ancient Hibernian Order that the American Irish are going to invade Canada. It is rumoured that "four armies" are ready to march. There was an Irish invasion of Canada in 1865, but it did not cover itself with glory. Mr. Norman and his friends are waiting till Canada has sent her volunteers to South Africa. Then the "four armies" are to encounter only "half-hearted Canadians" on the border. Between those Canadians and the United States police Mr. Norman would have such an uncomfortable time that, for his sake, we hope he will stay at home.

His Excellency Sir Chih-Chen Lo-Feng-Luh, Chinese Minister at the Court of St. James's, who has been paying



Photo. Russell
HIS EXCELLENCY SIR CHIH-CHEN LO-FENG-LUH,
Chinese Minister.

a round of visits recently to our great industrial centres, including Coventry, Liverpool, and Leeds, is expected to pay a further visit to Birmingham on or about Jan. 10. His Excellency, who is forty-nine years of age, is the son of Lo-Shao-Tsung, a distinguished scholar of Foochow. The Minister passed out of Foochow College as first man of his year in 1872, and five years later became Attaché to the Chinese Legation in London. He afterwards served in Berlin, and in 1882 became Secretary to Li-Hung-Chang, whose First Secretary he was at the conclusion of peace with Japan in 1895, and at the coronation of the Czar the following year. He also accompanied Li on his European and American tour. His Excellency is an accomplished mathematician and philologist, and is a great collector of old Chinese calligraphy and books.

On the question of Soldiers' Convalescent Homes the Hon. Mrs. Gifford, 23, Park Street, Windsor, and Mrs. Annie Dale, 37, Green Street, Park Lane, W., write to us as follows: "Having convinced ourselves of the value of such homes, we have taken for the purpose Hawtreys School House, Windsor, a large detached building capable of holding some eighty beds. We propose calling the establishment the 'South African Convalescent Home,' for wounded and invalided soldiers and sailors. It is intended that soldiers and sailors shall spend here the first period of their convalescence immediately after their discharge from hospital, and that from Windsor they shall pass on to the other branch of the 'Westgate-on-Sea,' which has been provided by the munificence of Sir William Ingram, who has also offered to supply all the blankets required for the Home, and to help generally in making the scheme a success. It is proposed to establish another branch of the Home in the Isle of Wight, overlooking the Solent, for the use of officers exclusively, and to be called the 'Convalescent Club.' Generous support has already been promised, but to ensure the success of the Home the help of the public at large is required. An account has been opened in the name of the Home with Messrs. Roberts, Lubbock, and Co., Lombard Street, to whom all cheques should be sent. All gifts of clothing, food, and other goods should be sent to the South African Convalescent Home, Windsor," and will be suitably acknowledged.

Canon Ellison, who has died at the age of eighty-seven, was the founder of the Church of England Temperance Society, which has done more admirable work than any

organisation with the same object. The C.T.S. has been distinguished in recent years by its desire to effect some compromise, which, while avoiding the extreme of local veto without compensation, shall enable the Legislature to deal practically with the whole question. Canon Ellison had the further distinction of belonging to three chapters of English cathedrals.

To err is human. Messrs. Longmans complete the sentence, we are sure, in writing that a "statement referring to Dr. Liddon's 'Life of Pusey' is directly opposed to the facts of the case." We regret the error, and are glad to hear the book "was a very striking and exceptional success"; and we should add, also on the authority of the publishers, "that the forthcoming work is an entirely independent work, and not an abridgment of Dr. Liddon's four volumes."

Major Davies, who is second in command of the New Zealand Volunteers in South Africa, is English born, but



MAJOR DAVIES,
Second in Command, New Zealand Contingent.

went out to New Zealand in the early 'eighties. His home is at Taranaki, the province historically famous as the seat of the Maori War. He is by profession a Government Surveyor, and is thus well accustomed to roughing it in the open. He is a clever and able man greatly respected by the troops under his command. He married the daughter of a Captain of an Irish regiment. Some time ago he was appointed permanent Cavalry Drill Instructor of North Island, the similar position being filled for the South Island by Major Robin, who is also at the Cape.

Gorgeous spectacular effects and most exquisite feasts of colour form the crowning glories of the new Drury Lane pantomime, "Jack and the Beanstalk." Mr. Arthur Collins is sure to set the town talking about his beautiful procession of orchids and his even more splendid representation of the "Land of Harmony," with its grand choral effects, its picturesque introduction of instruments, and its quite dazzling array of exquisite and carefully harmonised tints. Mr. Daniel Leno is a rubicund Dame of electric vivacity wooed by illustrious suitors, and Herbert Campbell is an ingenuous and overgrown infant in knickerbockers. With handsome Miss Nellie Stewart unfortunately absent through a cold, the chief singing of the evening had to come from the pretty representative of the heroine, Miss Mabel Nelson, though Miss Molly Lowell was a tuneful and comely Jack. Meantime, Mr. Collins's masterpiece is a grand naval and military procession. Congratulations to Mr. Glover on his clever orchestration.

Mr. Bernard Quaritch, whose death we announced last week, was born in 1819 in Prussian Saxony, and was of Slavic extraction. He settled in England in 1842, and became a naturalised subject five years later. He was always proud to consider himself an Englishman, although his German accent remained with him to the last. For many years he kept a little second-hand book shop in Castle Street, Leicester Square, but some time before 1860 he was in a position to take the shop in Piccadilly which has ever since been associated with his name. Thither he attracted all the most notable amateurs and librarians of both hemispheres, for his wonderful powers of organisation soon established relations with every European capital and with the chief American cities. His greatest business triumphs were achieved about 1882, when he was the chief buyer at the sales of the Blenheim Library and the Hamilton and Beckford Libraries. His work as a publisher was important, his issues consisting mainly of learned books or great illustrated volumes. He published the early edition of Fitzgerald's "Omar Khayyam." That quaintest of little literary clubs, the Sette of Oddes Volumes, knew him and his dry humour well.



Photo. Martin and Sullivan.
THE LATE MR. BERNARD QUARITCH.



Photo. Thompson, De Aar.

THE BLACK WATCH AND BERKSHIRES ENTRAINING AT DE AAR FOR THE FRONT.



Photo. Thompson, De Aar.

AFTER BELMONT AND THE MODDER: WOUNDED IN HOSPITAL AT DE AAR.



Lady Roberts. Sir Donald Currie.

LORD ROBERTS EMBARKING FOR SOUTH AFRICA ON BOARD THE "DUNOTTAR CASTLE" AT SOUTHAMPTON, DECEMBER 23.



ILLUSTRATED BY GUNNING KING.

It was a gusty, squally day, which made it difficult for Maggie's legs to carry her towards Carmore as rapidly as the occasion demanded. She made herself as small as possible, held the shawl which covered her head close under her throat, and, in the lulls of the wind, increased her pace to a run. There was really no particular hurry, but the unusualness of her errand seemed to the girl to give no loophole for delay. Crumpled up in her left hand was a slip of paper, on which was scrawled a list of the articles she was to buy and carry back to Ballyclogher.

The luxuries enumerated on the slip of paper were for the entertainment of one guest, Maggie's uncle, her mother's brother, whom she had never seen. She understood him to be rich; indeed, he was always held up by Mrs. Coyle as a model for her husband's imitation. "He's hunderds," she used to say, "hunderds, and it's my belief they're all in gowld; ye can see money in 'is face. It's you might be as warm, Conn, if ye'd think av the poor childer."

As the girl struggled against the wind, her head was busy with thoughts of the uncle who was rich. The word, coming close home as it were, set her imagination dancing, for rich men did not often come near Ballyclogher, and when they did certainly not as guests of Conn Coyle. She knew what poverty was, though that not of the acutest—she generally had enough to eat; but the idea of riches swept her up into a new world.

She made her purchases, all at one shop, and then found, as was inevitable, that Mrs. Coyle had miscalculated the prices, and she was two shillings short. Mrs. MacDonagh, who kept the store, was quite willing to give credit for the balance, but it seemed to Maggie that this course would be a kind of reflection on the uncle. While she grieved hopelessly in her pocket for money which she knew was not there, she saw James Phelan pass the door. An inspiration shot her to his side.

"Jim," she cried, "lind me two shillin', I'm that short. Ye'll have it back to-morrer."

"Faith, is it you? Well, well! Two shillin' is it? How do ye think I'd have all that about me?"

"No jokin'. It's a blessin' I saw ye, sure."

"That's thrue," said Jim; "the pol-is might have had ye else, Maggie."

He produced the money, and she settled the account and took a receipt with an air of grave dignity. When she came out of the shop Jim was waiting.

"Is it you still?" asked Maggie.

"An' why not? I'm goin' your way, sure, and we might as well walk in shteepe."

"I'm in a mad hurry, Jim."

"Did I ask ye to go slow for me?"

"Ye did not," said Maggie candidly.

"That's a great ugly parcel," said Jim; "an' too heavy for the likes av you. Just hand it here, Maggie."

"Ye'll not dhrop it? There's things there'd break if ye did."

"I'll howld an to it right enough. What's inside at all? It's morshul heavy!"

"All sorts. We've a visitor comin' to-night—Uncle Frank Power."

"An' who's he?"

"Sure ye've heerd tell av him times an' times. He's mother's brother."

"I'd forgot, Maggie."

"I've never set eyes on 'im yet—but he's a grand rich man, I'm towld."

"Is he that? Thin what'll he want in Ballyclogher?"

"To see his own people, sure."

"That's kind av 'im," said Jim.

"Well, annyway, he's comin', kind or not. Don't ketch the parcel by the shtring!"

"Aisy, Maggie, I was only changin' arms."

"Will I take a turn at it?"

"Lave it be, child."

The wind had dropped somewhat, and a smart shower of rain came on. After a time Jim said—

"We'd best shelter a bit."

Maggie hesitated. "I could wrap the parcel up in me shawl," she said.

"An' ketch yer death! That's likely! There's no hurry, sure, if he's not comin' till night."

He found a dry spot under a wayside elm. Maggie took the parcel from Jim and carefully placed it close to the trunk; then the pair stood side by side before it and listened to the hiss of the rain in the leaves and watched the streaming white road.

"Ye'd nade boots in this weather," said Jim, glancing at the girl's bare feet.

"Not at all! What mischief'd a little wet do?" She pressed her toes into the soft earth.

"I'm doin' well now, Maggie."

"That's good hearin'," she said.

"Ay, I'm doin' well," he repeated. "Ye'll be a'most a woman now, I s'pose?"

"Seventeen last birthday," she said.

"Bedad, that's a great age! A'most marryin' time, Maggie. I s'pose ye haven't a notion av it yerself?"

"How would I, wid all thim childer to look after?"

Jim slipped an arm round her waist and kissed her.

"I thought ye might have," he said.

Maggie flushed and closed her eyes for a moment; then they opened again to see the blurred sky and rainy road.

"I couldn't," she said softly.

Jim released her suddenly and cried, "Whisht! There's Mary Cregan comin'!"

She was opposite the pair almost as soon as Jim spoke—a tall, handsome girl, warmly clad, though less neat than Maggie. She had strong shoes on her feet, too, which should have been sufficient herald of her approach if Jim had not been deaf at the moment. She paused, and looked them up and down with a smile that had something of scorn in it, and at the back of that again a spark of anger.

"Tis a grand day for the like av that, James Phelan!" she said.

"Ye might put the comethor on grown girls and not childer."

"Tis a grand day indeed, Mary," said James, avoiding her eyes.

"I'm for Carmore," she said; "are ye comin'?"

"Not now; I've an errand to Ballyclogher."

"Ah, well! good-day to ye." She passed on.

Maggie had stood quite still, watching Mary closely all the time.

"She's a hard nail," said Jim, laughing awkwardly.

"She saw!"

"What of that, sure?"

"She'll tell an us."

"Let her!"

"Did ye iver kiss her, Jim?"

"I did, many a time—and others have, too. What's there in that to trouble wid? I'd rather kiss you, Maggie."

"It's shopped rainin'," she said.

"Give me wan kiss, astor," he said; "the other I tuk widout lave."

Maggie trembled as she lifted her face to his, and there were tears in her eyes which James Phelan did not see.

At the door of the Coyle cottage, which adjoined the forge, Jim left his companion with a "Good day, Maggie," and a wave of hand. He had previously appointed to see her on the following day.

When the children came in from school, a riotous mob, they were taken by Maggie to be "put straight," a process which involved much howling and many tears. She was so full of the morning's episode that she would have preferred not to change the dress she wore: it seemed now to be part of the altered life. In the same way she hesitated to wash the mud from her feet. But of course she did both, and in the act was brought nearer to the practical side of things again.

When she went downstairs her father had come in from the forge, and was sitting, clean and uncomfortable, near the hearth. Mrs. Coyle sat opposite to him; the nine children were perched on two wooden benches that ran along the wall. They made way for her with many signals and suppressed giggles.

"Whisht! Be shstill, there! Yer uncle isn't used to the like av that!"

"God help him, thin!" said Conn.

"An' why God help him? Sure, every man can't marry, an' it's well they don't."

"Have yer way, have yer way," said Conn. "I'm thinkin' Frank Power's a sad man, that's all!"

"Faith, thin, 'tis the money does it."

"Ye'll harp an that shtring till it breaks!"

"Arrah, Conn, ye've niver a good word for the man, and him me own brother!"

"Sure, one's enough to talk av 'im. If a blessed Saint were comin' we couldn't have heerd more noise av it!"

A silence fell upon the party, which was unexpectedly broken by a shock-headed, freckle-faced boy called Barney. He had been gazing for a long time at Maggie's pretty feet, and the words were out before he remembered the solemnity of the occasion.

"Maggie, show us the thrick wid yer toes!"

It was about the only accomplishment that Maggie possessed, and consisted in a curious flexibility of the toes which enabled her to fold them under almost as though they were fingers, and pick up any small object from the ground. This trick was a source of endless delight to the children, who practised it themselves with an assiduity which promised great future results.

"Not now, yet," said Maggie, running her fingers through Barney's hair.

"The idea!" cried Mrs. Coyle. "When'll ye learn sense, Barney?"

"Why wouldn't she do the thrick to plaze the boy?" asked Conn. "I've thrived times to do it meself."

"Whisht! there's wheels comin'!" Mrs. Coyle was at the door in a moment, peering out into the autumn twilight with hands on hips and an anxious tremor at the heart. It was Uncle Frank Power at last.

He was not a prepossessing man. The little likeness to his sister that he had was, as it were, hidden away in odd corners of his face, which only now and then revealed it as by compulsion. He was small and spare of figure; neat, as became his position; drily conciliatory in manner, as a person who has to please to live. His face was hard, save for the mouth, which had an unexpected looseness of lips; his eyes were furtive, shooting a sudden glance and then turning aside as though to muse on the impression they had taken. He was a man who habitually masked himself, though with so little art that a close observer saw his small soul bare under the disguise.

The much-debated meal was hardly a social success. To begin with, Power had no great appetite, nor did he pour forth the congratulations which Mrs. Coyle had confidently expected. He ate slowly and thoughtfully, speaking little, and the other three had to restrain their longing hunger out of respect for the extreme gentility of the Belfast draper. He made no references to the old times which are so dear to the Irish heart; he said nothing about the little old house at Killeen, where he and his sister had been brought up; he appeared to have forgotten the episode of the Brown Cow.

Maggie, poor girl, was as quiet as a sitting bird. She was oppressed both by Power's presence and the thought that, for the first time, she had a secret from her parents. Yet under the oppression there was a singing current of joy that made music to her heart, a music hardly to be listened to without bringing the hot blood to her cheeks.

After the meal was over and the two men had their pipes lit, Maggie and her mother pulled one of the benches to the hearth, and the four sat round the fire with folded hands, each waiting for someone else to begin. It was then that Uncle Frank Power made a start.

"Tis long since I've seen ye, Ellen, an' ye might think I'd forgotten ye, but 'twasn't so, faith."

"Av coorse not, Frank." She shot a triumphant glance at Conn.

"I've bin a busy man, Ellen, an' I knew ye were well placed wid Conn here."

"Minds change as well as times," said Conn. "Ye were black agin me wance, Frank."

Power waved his pipe deprecatingly.

"Ay," he said, "I'd a fancy for Ellen to marry Tom Blake."

"Who's in gaol this two years for as blagyard a thrick as iver a man played," said Conn.

"Thrus for ye, thrus for ye, Ellen did well, an' a fine family too. Ye'll be proud av thim, Conn."

"I am, an' not wan of thim more throuble than a bird in a cage."

"I sometimes wish," said Power, "that I'd some av me own, for it's well to lave what ye have to yer own blood."

Mrs. Coyle's face epitomised all the joyful emotions, but Conn was staring hard into the peats and did not see.

"I've bin takin' a partner," Power went on, "an' it's our intin to increase the business. He's a smart man, wid money, an' he'll take some av the work aff me owid shoulders." He laughed drily, glanced round the circle, and replaced the pipe in his mouth.

"It's time, sure," said Mrs. Coyle.

"I've bin thinkin' ye might shpare me wan av these childer av yours; not," he added hastily, "a young wan, but, say, Maggie here."

"Me!" Maggie called the word out of a dream: the dream was broken.

"Hush, dearie!" said Mrs. Coyle, leaning forward eagerly, and trying to catch Power's uncertain eye.

"She's a fine grown girl, an' 'd do well in the shop. 'Tis a pity to lave her here. In time she'll be a grand help to ye. In six months, or say nine, afther she'd learnt the business, I'd pay her some wages, an' in the meantime I'd kape her free intirely. The thought just kem to me," he added.

"What'd we do widout Maggie at all?" said Conn.

"Come here, astor!"

She went to him and sat on his knee, with her arms round his neck and her head sunk against his shoulder.

"Tis a fine offer," said Mrs. Coyle vaguely.

"What do ye say, Maggie?" Conn whispered in the girl's ear.

"No, no," she pleaded, and again, "No, no," with a shiver that shook her throat. She clung closer. "Let me shstay wid ye, let me shstay."

Conn held her to him and allowed his pipe to go out. He was a poor man with many clamouring mouths to feed; he was also a man of strong affections: a bitter struggle began in him. Frank Power watched cautiously.

"I'm thinkin' the north mightn't shute the child," said Conn. "An' thin there's the young wans. Who'll see afther thim?"

"Sure Biddy's fourteen, and well able for it. Would ye shstand in the girl's way, Conn?"

"God save us, what talk, woman! Shstand in her way! Is it me harm the child? Ach, Maggie, ye know well yer me own heart's blood!"

"Yes," whispered the girl.

"I say thank ye kindly, Frank Power, and God bless ye for the thought av us. We'll settle what we'll do to-morrer. Aff to bed wid ye, Maggie astor, and lave us to think a bit."

She slipped from Conn's knee after an embrace piteous

Mary Cregan, as he knew, had long ears and a longer tongue; it was well to be discreet. But Frank Power, who had a habit of silent prowling, both saw and heard. He said nothing, but that night his lean face looked leaner and his crafty eyes drew closer together under bent brows.

Conn's last words to Maggie were—

"Be good, dearie, and whin ye come back we'll be prond av ye."

The change to Maggie from Ballyclogher to Belfast was like moving from free air to a close room. Disappointment met her on the threshold of the new life, for the glorious shop which she had imagined, with a plate-glass front and sumptuous display of millinery, far finer than anything in Carmore, proved to be a dark little place in a side street, with hardly more room than Mrs. MacDonagh's. A good deal of business appeared to be done, but it was mainly with poor people, and instead of handling silks and velvets Maggie had to sell such common stuffs as she had been familiar with from childhood.

Maggie and a companion worked at one counter, Frank Power and his new partner at another facing it. The new

partner was an amiable young man, content, it seemed, to work under his senior's direction, and appearing to have no ideas of his own. Power ruled the place. He sat up late at night over his books, long after the household had gone to bed. Once, when Maggie came down to fetch something she had forgotten, she found him in his little counting-house poring over rows of figures like a man whose life depended on the solution of some fantastic puzzle. At the sound of her step he rose, white and trembling; then he cursed her for a plague and drain on him; afterwards he made a whining apology, accompanied with frigid endearments, which the girl understood less than his rage.

She wrote to Jim, of course, but received no answer. This did not trouble her much, because she knew that he was handier with the tongue than with the pen. She heard from her parents at rare intervals, but in their letters there was naturally no reference to Jim, as she had told them nothing of that incident of her life. So the weeks passed until six months were over.

The expected payment did not begin from that date; she must wait, Power said, until trade was better—six months or nine had been his words. She should think herself lucky for having clothes and free keep and a friend like his partner to show her the world. At the end of the nine months she asked again, and was again put off. But Maggie's idea of a contract was very simple, and she had much too strong a spirit to give in tamely to a superior power. She pressed—insisted; Power shuffled, wheedled, and raged by turns. When she found that no advantage was gained she determined to appeal to Riordan.

One evening she had been to his mother's house to tea; afterwards he took her for a sail on the Lough. It was as they walked back together that she spoke.

"Mister Riordan," she said, "may I ast ye a question?"

"To be sure, Maggie."

"It's nine months now since I kem here, an' at the end of six or nine I was promised some money."

"Quite right—an' haven't ye got it?"

"Not a pinny," she said.

"Ye say that?" He stopped short for a moment; then walked on slowly with bent brows.

"I spoke to uncle an' he put me aff agin. I thought maybe ye'd see me through wid it, Mister Riordan. Av coorse, if I'm worth no pay, I'll lave, an' welcome."

"The owld blagyard!" Riordan muttered under his breath.

"Ye see," she went on, "I want to take a look at me own people, an' till I've money I'm tied here like a dog to a gate."

"Maggie, ye'll have iver penny ye were promised for the last three months to-morrer. On me sowl, I thought ye'd had it."

Maggie did not grasp the full meaning of this; she only thought there had been some mistake. "Ah! thank ye, Mister Riordan," she said, flushing with pleasure.

"Ay, an' if I've my way ye shall have more—all I've got, bedad, and ye can live away from the owld man."

"Am I worth more?" she asked.

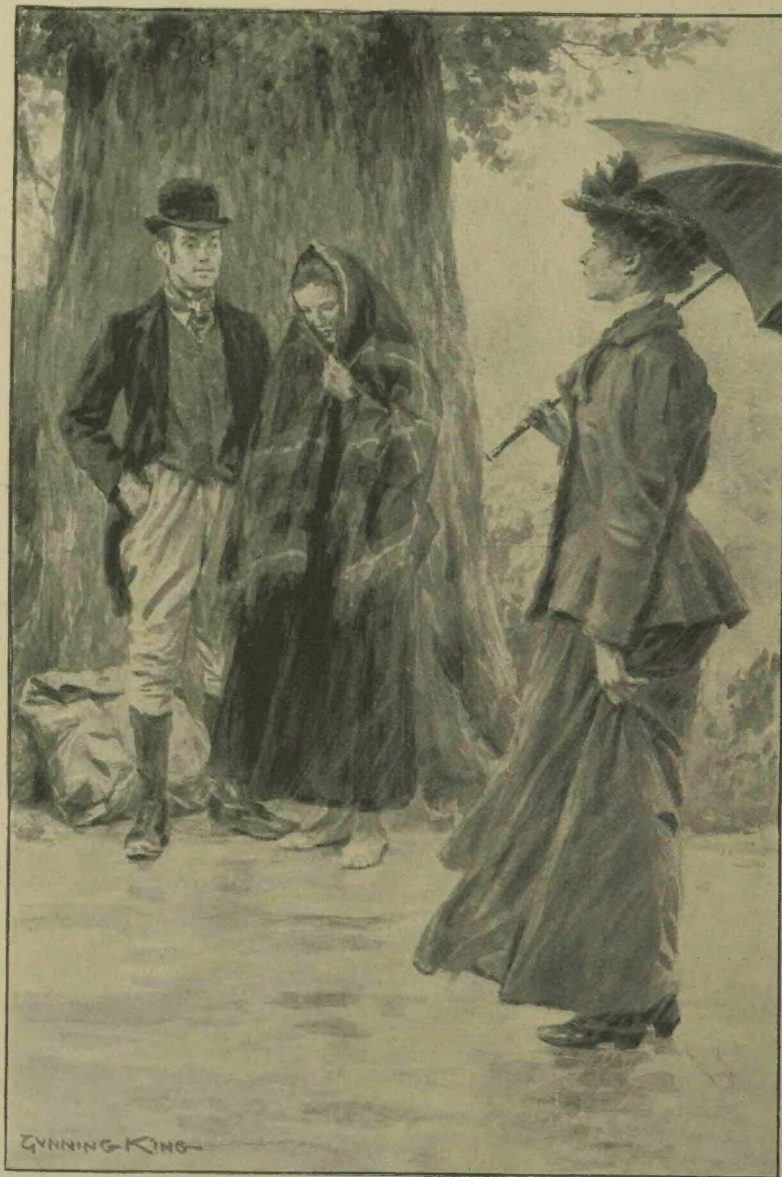
"Ye're worth all a man can give ye, Maggie. Sure, if ye'll hava me ye'll never go near the shop agin. I'm yours for the takin', child, and that's God's thruth!"

The meaning of it rushed upon her like a black mist. Her heart sickened.

"Ach, not that!" she cried. "There's a boy at home who's waitin' av me, an' it's him I'm wearyin' to see!"

Riordan took the blow like a man. After a moment's silence he lifted his head and laid a hand on her shoulder.

"If that's so," he said, "I'm done, and not another word'll I say."



"'Tis a grand day for the like av that, James Phelan!" she said.

"CONN COYLE'S ELDEST."

with entreaty, kissed her mother and the uncle whom she already regarded with a kind of terror, and went up quietly to bed. It was the first night of the girl's life in which she had experienced true sorrow and the dragging length of the dark hours. Even the many prayers she repeated brought small comfort, for when she had been through them twice her mind wandered while her lips moved. A week before she would have accepted the proposed change, not, indeed, without sorrow, but as part of the necessary round of life. Now it seemed an utter uprooting, terrible as the idea of death.

It was decided that Maggie should go. Frank Power, when he made the offer, knew it was inevitable, and congratulated himself on the brilliant idea which had sent him to see Ellen's eldest girl. Her attractiveness was beyond his hopes; even in his eyes she was pretty, and he saw no more than the shell of her, the accidents of feature and of health. He advanced a meagre sum towards the purchase of the necessary outfit, to be repaid, he said, when she was earning for herself.

Maggie's parting from James Phelan was a very simple matter after all. Her heart was too big for speech, and his, if not that, at least prompted him to say no more than might have been overheard with safety by any passer-by.

Maggie smiled at him through tears. "Ye're a good man," she said, "an' God bless ye." That night Riordan returned with her to the shop, where Power was at his usual work with the books. Maggie went to bed and slept more happily than she had done since the world had changed for her. But all night in the little counting-house Frank Power stood at bay, until at last, stripped bare of lying and subterfuge, his partner saw him for what he was—a swindler and a thief. But Riordan, in his anger, let slip a word of his love for Maggie.

After breakfast, just before the day's business commenced, Riordan called her aside and slipped a packet into her hand.

"That's the money," he said, "ye may go whin ye like."

"To-day?"

"Whin ye like," he repeated.

"And whin must I be back, Mister Riordan?"

"Ah, well, we'll think av that." He untied a parcel; it contained spun-silk shawls, an unprofitable investment for that neighbourhood.

"I'm thinkin'," he said, blushing to his hair, "that wan av these 'd shute ye fine. Just choose wan, Maggie."

"But ye've done nothin' wrong. They can't put ye away for bein' poor."

"But they can for stealin', child, an' that's what I was drove to, God help me! Ay, this minit I might be took!"

He shivered and drew a hand across his moist face.

"You a thief!"

"That's the word, an' ye may throw it at me," he wailed. "Maggie, there's only wan can save me, an' that's you."

"I've only this," she said, and put the packet Riordan had given her on the table.

"That's no good," he cried. "It's you, an' not money. It's no partner, John Riordan, I've robbed, an' you can save me name. If ye'd marry him he'd forgive me, an' not say a word."

"I can't," said Maggie. "He asked me last night, an' I said 'No,' for there's another I belong to."

"Ye said 'No'?" God save us, where's yer sinso? Let the other wan go."

"I can't!"

"Ye must, for the sake of the name! Would ye have yer own mother's brother put in jail?"

"Mister Riordan'll not be hard," she said.

"God bless ye for the word! Me uncle there wants to save himself, an' it was by that he thought to do it. Mister Riordan, will ye let 'im go?"

"He's done his worst for both av us, Maggie. Let the poor divyle go, an' welcome. There, take yer money an' go, too, child. Don't leave it there for the owld hawk."

She took the packet from the table and said good-bye. Riordan kissed her for the first and last time. For Frank Power she could summon neither word nor gesture of farewell.

She went straight to the station and found that a train left for the South in half-an-hour. To buy her ticket the packet had to be opened. She found, in addition to the money which Power had withheld, a five-pound note. At the last moment she remembered that she had left the shawl behind.

When she reached Carmore twilight was falling. The sight of the familiar white town and the long uphill stretch of the Ballyclogher Road brought back to her in full flood the long-lost sense of freedom. As she walked, her hurried breath almost broke into happy sobbing; the only pause she made was by the wayside elm.

She had been too distressed in the morning to think of sending any notice of her coming, so that as she leaved



"I'm thinking the north mightn't shute the child," said Conn.

"CONN COYLE'S ELDEST."

"Ah, ye're too good, Mister Riordan. What'd I do wid the like av that?"

"Wear it, sure. They're owld stock," he added diffidently, "an' annyway somethin' 'll be saved if ye take it. We'll not be here much longer."

"Are ye goin' to lave the shop?"

"Ay, that's it. We've ended the partnership."

"Thin mustn't I come back?"

"I think it's good-bye, Maggie, whin ye go. But we'll see later."

He laid the shawl aside. "I'll parcel it up for ye," he said.

Before Maggie could answer, her uncle's voice called to her from the little parlour behind the counting-house. Power was leaning with his elbows on the table, where the breakfast things still remained.

"Sit down, Maggie," he said. She obeyed him. He lifted a cup as though to drink, then put it down again, and moistened his lips with his tongue.

"I'm hard driven," he said, "an' it's you can help me."

"How can I help?"

"Hard driven," he repeated. "An' me gettin' an owld man. I meant no harm, but the luck was dead agin me. I niver had a chaunst—a poor man's always kep' down."

"I thought ye were rich, uncle."

"Rich! I'm not worth the price of me funeral, and prison's starin' me in the face."

"Would ye be that ongrateful?" cried Power, his tense nerves giving way to the press of anger. "Didn't I take ye from the dirt an' feed ye like me own child? Did I do it all for nothin'? An' who's the other ye fancy? Tho' boy I saw ye wid wan night at Ballyclogher! I'raps he'll be the wan as sint ye a letter that I'd the sinso to stop?"

"Ye did that?" she cried, her face flaming. "Ye dared to do that? Ach, ye coward! An' ye brought me here to kape ye out av gaol? God forgive ye for a black-hearted man!"

"I'm beside meself wid sorrow," he whined. "That's a hard word ye spoke, Maggie."

"Was it too hard? A dog'd be ashamed to do the like—an' you a man!" He swept him with scorn. "Do ye think," she went on, "that Mister Riordan would take me from me own boy? He's too good for that! Arrah, we'll see!"

She disregarded Power's restraining gesture, and ran into the shop. Riordan had just finished wrapping up the shawl.

"Mister Riordan, come in here a minit," she said. He followed her. When the door was closed she turned and faced him.

"If I said I'd marry ye," she cried, "would ye have me, knowin' well that I loved another man?"

"No," he said, "for yer an honest girl, an' I wish ye no shame."

the cottage, no one was peering out to get the first sight of her. At the door she paused and listened. A single child's voice reached her—it was Barney, saying his prayers. A moment later she was overwhelmed with welcomes, the centre of a chaos of laughter and tears.

When things had quieted down, and she was sitting with Conn's arm round her neck and a couple of children on her lap, she said suddenly—

"Ach! let me feel the flure agin. Get down, dears, while I take me shoes an' stockin's aff. I niver liked thin, an' sure, it'd be no holiday at all wid thin things!"

"Let me take thin aff," shrieked Barney.

"Do, boy," said Conn.

While Barney was at work Conn said "We'd great times here yesterday, Maggie."

"What was it?"

"A weddin', sure."

"Who's married now, thin?"

"James Phelan."

"They're aff!" cried Barney.

"He married Mary Cregan. They'd bin coortin' this six months."

"Maggie," said Barney, "show us the thrick wid yer flure."

"What's wrong, astor?" asked Conn.

"Nothin'," she said, "but the flure feels cold. I'll soon be used to it agin."

THE TRANSVAAL WAR: CASUALTIES AT THE FRONT.



LIEUTENANT H. A. LYVESON
(1st Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, Wounded, Colenso).



SECOND LIEUTENANT J. W. WHIFFEN
(1st Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, Wounded, Colenso).



CAPTAIN F. C. LOFTUS
(1st Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, Killed, Colenso).



CAPTAIN E. J. BUCKLEY
(1st Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, Wounded, Colenso).



CAPTAIN A. F. LAMPTON
(1st Highland Light Infantry, Killed, Magersfontein).



SECOND LIEUTENANT J. HALL
(2nd Seaforth Highlanders, Wounded, Magersfontein).



SECOND LIEUTENANT G. FOLLETT
(Coldstream Guards, Wounded, Magersfontein).



SECOND LIEUTENANT WATERHOUSE
(2nd Seaforth Highlanders, Wounded, Magersfontein).



CAPTAIN G. PALEY
(2nd Rifle Brigade, Wounded, Ladysmith).



CAPTAIN A. H. BACON
(2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers, Killed, Colenso).



CAPTAIN CAMERON
(2nd Royal Highlanders, Wounded, Magersfontein).



CAPTAIN FEATHERSTONHAUGH
(2nd Seaforth Highlanders, Wounded, Magersfontein).



LIEUTENANT E. COX
(2nd Seaforth Highlanders, Killed, Magersfontein).



LIEUTENANT H. B. W. GARDINER
(2nd Devonshire Regiment, Wounded, Colenso).



PRIVATE S. SWEDEN
(2nd Rifle Brigade, Killed, Ladysmith).



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL H. A. EAGAR
(2nd Royal Irish Rifles, Wounded, Stormberg).

THE TRANSVAAL WAR: CASUALTIES AT THE FRONT.



CAPTAIN A. J. HANCOCKS
(1st Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, Wounded, Colenso).



LIEUTENANT JENKINS
(Thornycroft's Mounted Infantry, Killed, Colenso).



Photo. Sherwood, Natal.
SAMUEL BROWN
(Border Mounted Rifles, Killed, Rietfontein).



CAPTAIN K. K. KNAPP
(Natal Volunteers, Killed, Lady Smith).



SADDLER FOX
(10th Hussars, Wounded, Naauwpoort).



CAPTAIN W. F. HERSEY
(1st Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, Wounded, Colenso).



CAPTAIN CAMPBELL
(1st Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, Wounded, Magersfontein).



SERGEANT M. GIFFEN
(Royal Army Medical Corps, Killed on Railway, Pinefoot).



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL GOFF
(1st Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, Killed, Magersfontein).



MAJOR J. F. W. CHARLEY
(1st Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, Died of Wounds, Colenso).



LIEUTENANT H. C. FERNYHOUGH
(Yorkshire Light Infantry, Wounded, Gras Pan).



SECOND LIEUTENANT BAILLY
(2nd Seaforth Highlanders, Wounded, Magersfontein).



MAJOR THE HON. W. LAMBTON
(1st Coldstream Guards, Wounded, Magersfontein).



CAPTAIN A. BUCHANAN
(2nd Gordon Highlanders, Wounded, Elandsbaagte).



LIEUTENANT MACLEOD
(Royal Dublin Fusiliers, Wounded, Colenso).



MAJOR RAY
(1st Northumberland Fusiliers, Killed, Magersfontein).

THE TRANSVAAL WAR: SCENES AT THE FRONT.



WITH LORD METHUEN'S FORCE: THE ENGAGEMENT ON THE MODDER RIVER.



DOCTORS TENDING THE WOUNDED OF THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF MAGERSFONTEIN.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR: SCENES AT THE FRONT.



THE ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS CROSSING THE MODDER RIVER.



GATHERING MISLETOE IN THE DAYS OF THE DRUIDS.



THE TRANSVAAL WAR: DE AAR, ON THE LINE TO KIMBERLEY, SHOWING THE RAILWAY STATION AND HOTEL.

From a Sketch by H. M. Peckbridge.



LONDON-AMERICAN WOMEN'S HOSPITAL-SHIP "MAINE": THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT HOISTING THE UNION JACK PRESENTED BY THE QUEEN.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR: SCENES AT THE FRONT.



SALUTING THE WOUNDED AT THE BATTLE OF THE MODDER RIVER.

It has long been a tradition of the British Army to salute the first of the dead and wounded carried from the field of battle. One popular picture of the Duke of Wellington shows him in the act of saluting the body of a drummer-boy. A similar scene, witnessed a month ago on the Modder River, is here depicted by one of our own artists.



LONDON STREET SCENE AT THE NEW YEAR: CHRYSANTHEMUM-SELLERS.



GATHERING MISTLETOE IN FRANCE, PRESENT DAY.

YULETIDE IN FRANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

The average Frenchman, but especially the average Parisian, if he thinks at all about the matter, considers the four statutory holidays which Englishmen owe to the beneficent intervention of Sir John Lubbock but a meagre allowance per annum. The twenty-six others in the shape of double that number of Saturday afternoons are not a gift, but a debt reluctantly paid by Puritanical England to the more festively inclined part of the nation in exchange for the Sundays which are not holidays at all from his point of view. Parisians, in fact, in the matter of holidays are like the German who, when asked to state the quantity of beer a man might take without injuring his health, opined that "a fellow might take too much, but could never take enough."

It is not surprising, then, that within the last quarter of a century Christmas in Paris should have become as popular a festival as New Year's Day. Four decades ago, the accepted anniversary of the birth of the Founder of Christianity made no appreciable difference in the habits of average Parisians, and certainly not in the working-day aspect of the capital. This is no longer the case, although the day is not spent as we spend it in England. Londoners and the inhabitants of the great provincial centres, if they do not repair to the theatres or music-halls on Christmas Eve, as a rule make haste to get indoors and into the bosoms of their families. Parisians either attend midnight Mass or not, but at the termination of it, and at the time when the French enjoys his best sleep, he is disturbed by the Christmas carols, they the Parisians crowd the streets on their way to the restaurants to keep the *réveillon*. Xenophon records the reply of Charicles when the envoys of the King of Persia came to sue for an armistice: "No one would dare to talk to the Greeks about an armistice without first offering them a capital breakfast."

To talk to Frenchmen about enjoying themselves without a preparatory luncheon, dinner, or supper would be equally futile. Englishmen's ideas of happiness under such circumstances take the direction of liquids, Frenchmen's thoughts run into the direction of solids. And on no occasion throughout the year, not even on New Year's Eve or New Year's Day, not even on Shrove Tuesday or Mid-Lent, do Frenchmen feed as they do on Christmas Eve. And the food consists almost exclusively of swine's flesh. That part of the Christmas festivities is, at any rate, not an innovation, but a custom handed down from time immemorial, for in reality the joyous celebration of Christmas Eve and Christmas Day is a revival of ancient days. At present, the board at a luxurious *réveillon* is graced by a *porcaille à l'riz* and a stuffed tongue; in days of yore, *saucisses brûlantes* (red-hot sausages), *andouilles grassouillettes* (sausages made of the intestines of pig), *bonbons blancs* (white puddings) and *bonbons noirs* (black puddings) with the fat taken off, *porc dégraisés* and pigs' feet, formed the staple food at those repasts, the boar's head being the *pièce de résistance*. With the exception of the last named, all the other dainties have become side-dishes. But side-dishes or not, the true Parisian rarely partakes, even nowadays, of any other but these on Christmas Eve. "We do not have any transformation-scenes in your sense of the term at Yuletide," said a Frenchman who knows England very well a couple of years ago to me. "Our transformation-scenes have nothing whatever to do with the changing of fairies into harlequins, clowns, columbines, and pantalons. The work devolves upon the *charcutier*." The French *charcutier* has not his counterpart in England, except in the purlieus of Leicester Square and Soho. His establishment is neither a pork-butcher's nor a ham-and-beef shop, as we know it. He is invariably a real culinary artist; at all times his window is enough to make the *gourmet's* mouth water; at Yuletide, Lucullus himself would stand before it transfixed with admiration and anticipatory delight. My friend was right: the *charcutier* worthy of the name transforms the porker out of all semblance to itself.

The reason of this plethora of *cochonaille* has never been satisfactorily explained to me, although I have more than once asked eminent antiquaries. At one time I fancied I had the key to the enigma. "Assuredly," I said to myself, "this somewhat too conspicuous preference for the flesh of the 'unclean animal' is intended to emphasise the distinctly Christian origin of the festival, and the difference between it and those that may be confounded with Jewish celebrations, such as the Passover and the Pentecost." That was in my younger days, when I was prone to jump at conclusions, and before I had witnessed a Christmas Eve and a whole week of Yuletide festivities in the South of France. After that I came to the conclusion that Yuletide, as celebrated in those regions, smacked more of the Pagan and the Jewish rituals combined than of the Christian customs. There is no obtrusion of pig's meat; on the other hand, there is the Christmas turkey, which, however, is not eaten until the supper or the late dinner of Dec. 25. But on Christmas Eve, before supper, there is "the blessing of the fire," by the youngest child of the household, who pours spiced wine over the Yule log, consisting of a large trunk of olive-wood, which has been religiously preserved during a whole twelvemonth. At the same time, the urchin or the little lass repeats after the head of the household a prayer for the fatherless and the old and infirm, for the poor on land and the mariner at sea. After the supper the whole of the family gathers in front of the hearth, singing canticles and carols, but in such a manner as to remind one forcibly of part of the religious ceremony performed by the orthodox Jews on the first two nights of the Passover—that is, the younger members intone questions, the elders giving the reply. Nor is this all. During the whole of the night of Dec. 24-25 the doors are left open, and the food is not removed from the board. It is supposed to be for the dead that may arise. On the *sealer-table* of the Jews a glass of wine is left—I believe for the coming Messiah—and at the beginning of the second part of the service the door is opened by the youngest boy of the family, in case He should be there.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

F. DALLRY.—We have not the reference by us, but will look it up and reply later.

T. SMITHSON.—Highway. We cannot continue the subject.

R. J. J. M. John's Wood.—The problem is quite right, the Pawn is not obliged to become a Queen.

F. HEALY.—There seems to be something amiss. If Black play 1. Kt to K 5th, where is the mate in two moves?

F. R. JAMES.—The book of the Hastings Tournament would probably answer your purpose. Chatto and Windus were the publishers.

S. R. ANDREWS.—Your problem is correct, but it is rather too simple for our columns.

W. H. GENDRY.—As it stands there is mate on the move by 1. Q to Kt 7th, etc.

Mrs. W. J. BAIRD and JEFF ALLEN (Calcutta).—Marked for insertion.

ANOLIM.—Thanks; send the problem on a diagram.

C. DREYER (Caiside).—Thanks for game, which we hope to make use of.

CORRESPONDENCE OF PROBLEM No. 2893. received from R. Iyann Ayar, B.A. (Tiruvandram, India); of No. 2901 from George Devey Farmer, M.D. (Aneaur, Ontario); of No. 2902 from Emile Frau (Lyons), R. Sanderson (Crowthorne, Berks); J. A. Edisson (Knaresborough), and Alpha of No. 2903 from D. B. Brooks (Manchester), C. E. B. (Clifton), J. Bailey (Newark), W. Lillie (Edinburgh), and Emile Frau (Lyons).

CORRESPONDENCE OF PROBLEM No. 2904 received from T. Batty (Colchester), J. W. Moore (Brighton), Charles Burnett, S. G. Luckcock (Stoke Newington), D. B. Brooks (Manchester), C. E. B. (Clifton), Alpha, J. A. Edisson (Knaresborough), Emile Frau (Lyons), T. B. Scollins (Bowl), E. S. Hollenbach, F. Dalby, D. B. R. (Oban), Rev. A. Stays (Bedford), Shadforth, E. J. Winter Wood, George Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), R. St. J. Dickson (Suffolk), Isle of Man, Edith Corser (Rugby), E. R. Pickering, W. A. Barnard (Cringham), F. S. Hampstead, Dr. Goldsmith, Edward J. Sharpe, C. B. Jorner (Cheltenham College), H. S. Broadbent (Barnstaple), Rupert Rogers Stratford, Sorrento, Blain H. Cochrane (Harting), R. Worries (Canterbury), L. Penfold, Mrs. Wilson (Hymouth), Bandmaster E. P. Edwards (Gravesend), F. J. Cundy (Norwood), C. E. Perugini, F. Harrison (Liverpool), H. Cullinan (Dublin), W. B. Wilkinson (Queensdown), Marcella (Cambridge), T. Roberts, Miss D. Gregson, Reginald Gordon Kensington, W. R. B. (Clifton), Rev. Robert Bee (Cowpen), Hereford, F. W. W. Thomas Charlton (Lapham), and Dr. Thibault (Morecombe).

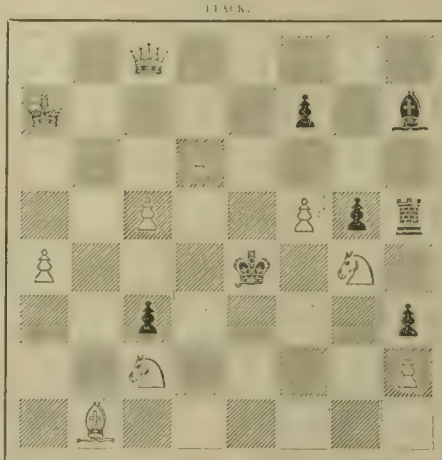
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2903.—By C. W. (Sumbury).

WHITE. 1. Q to K R 5th. 2. B to Q 4th. 3. Mate.

BLACK. P takes K. Any move.

If Black play 1. R to Q 4th, then 2. Kt to B 6th (ch), and Q mates next move.

PROBLEM No. 2906.—By E. J. WINTER WOOD.



WHITE. White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN NEW YORK.
Game played at the Manhattan Chess Club between
Messrs. C. P. WEEKS and G. KOCHLER.
(Petroff Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. W.) BLACK (Mr. K.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to K 3rd Kt to K 3rd
3. P to Q 4th Kt takes P
4. P takes P P to Q 4th
A peculiar variation. If B to B 4th, White may play Q to Q 5th, evidently winning a piece ultimately.
5. B to Q 3rd Kt to B 4th
6. Castles Kt takes B
7. Q takes Kt B to K 2nd
8. Kt to B 3rd P to Q 3rd
9. Kt to Q 4th Castles
10. P to B 4th P to Q Kt 3rd
11. Q to B 3rd P to B 3rd
12. P to K 6th Kt takes P
The position requires great care on White's part. A careless player might play P to K 4th, which would give Black a fine game, but in the end White would lose a piece for nothing.
13. B to K 3rd B takes Kt
14. B takes B B takes P
15. P to B 5th B to B 2nd
16. Kt to K 2nd P to B 4th
17. B to K 3rd Kt to B 3rd
18. Q to Kt 3rd K to R 3rd
19. R to B 4th P to Kt 4th

WHITE (Mr. W.) BLACK (Mr. K.)
20. White threatens to get up a good attack by R to R 4th, followed by Kt to R 3rd, Kt to B 4th, etc., with winning position.
21. B takes Kt P to R Kt sq
22. Q takes Kt This spoils much a reply, which at first sight looks effective. This young player shows true chess genius.
23. R takes B
24. K to B 4th Q to Q 2nd
25. Kt to Kt 3rd Q to R Kt sq
26. Kt to K 2nd Q to Q 3rd
27. R to K 3rd P to Q 4th
28. P to Kt 7th P to Kt 2
29. R (K sq) to K 7 B takes P
It will be difficult to find a good move, though the text-note lines at once. If R to B 4th, the reply is Q to R 4th, and if Q to R 5th, White plays Q to Q 4th with great effect.
30. R takes R R takes R
31. R to Kt 8th Resigns.

CHESS IN GERMANY.
Game played between Messrs. A. NEUMAN and A. BANNET.
(King Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. N.) BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to K 3rd Kt to K 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th P to Q 3rd
4. B to K 4th P to Q 3rd
5. P to Q 4th P to Q 2nd
6. P takes P K takes P
Taking the Pawn by White is doubtful policy, and Black's Kt takes P is inferior to B to K 4th, which would open up the diagonal for Black's queen's bishop.
7. B to Kt 3rd B to Kt 5th
8. Kt takes Kt
With Q to R 3rd, this captures sacrifice is often made, but here the position hardly seems to justify it.
9. B takes P (ch) B takes Q
10. B takes Kt K to B 3rd

WHITE (Mr. N.) BLACK (Mr. B.)
11. B to Kt 5th (ch) K takes B
12. Kt to K 7th (ch) K to K 5th
13. Kt takes Q K takes Kt
14. B to Kt 3rd P to B 4th
15. Kt to B 3rd P to B 3rd
16. P to Kt 3rd (ch) K to B 6th
The Black move is nothing if not venturesome, but he goes into it smiling here. There is plenty of amusement to be had.
17. B to B 4th R to K 2nd
18. B to K 2nd (ch) K to Kt 7th
19. B takes B K takes P
20. B to B 3rd (ch) K takes P
21. K to K 2nd Resigns.

NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from Abroad, be Marked on the Back with the Name and Address of the Sender, as well as with the Title of the Subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for.

LADIES' COLUMNS.

This is quite the season for the smart high bodice, such as Frenchwomen, with their sense of suitability in dress, employ so much more than we do for winter wear. Here, it is true, we have it in the form of a blouse, but that is not quite the same thing; the blouse, it is understood, has no particular relation to the skirt with which it is worn; while the high bodice forms a part of it, is constructed from the same piece of material, and decorated with identical trimming. It is not difficult to make such a bodice as smart as a low one. True, the low bodice will always be more dressy, and allow of an attractive display of jewellery on the white, shining skin of the neck that never looks so well on the prettiest of fabrics as it does enhancing the charms of nature. But all this is a poor reason for wearing a low bodice on occasions when exposure to chills is almost inevitable. No French lady dreams, for instance, of going to the theatre in a low dress; partly because she will not run the needless risk from the cold draughts, but even more because she is surrounded by absolute strangers, and does not think that such a case affords a suitable occasion for displaying all her personal charms, which she reserves for her own social circle. The same considerations are held generally to apply to a table-d'hôte or restaurant dinner. Hence French modistes make a special study of the evening high dress, and if we were wise we should equally consider the point.

Lace is forming a main portion of the present Parisian models for high evening bodices, the same lace appearing on the skirt. It is impossible to convey in words how beautiful some of them are. One is in Parma violet panne; the front of the bodice on one side, as well as the entire back up to above the shoulders, is of this, and in front it is painted with iris, sloping from the left shoulder to the right hip; Brussels lace forms the remainder of the confection, covering the left side of the bodice, ending below the waist in a little scarf-like pleat at the left hip, and going up to the throat, slightly full at the yoke (no doubt to avoid the lace being cut, but still producing the best possible effect). The skirt, of course, harmonises; dark purple iris painted on a panel of the pale violet panne slanting from the waist-line to the right side of the foot, opening over a petticoat of lace, and passing into a plain train of panne. A second gown, in the same style, is in lime-green silk, having a full front of lace up to the throat—no collar, but a little frill of lace round the neck—and a bolero of the silk embroidered with sequins, finished with rosettes of dark green velvet to hold the bolero up against the bust, three diamond buttons trimming it down each of the edges below the rosettes. The sleeves are lace, lined through with green, while in the front the lining of the lace is cream. The fashion of filling in the top of a bodice with a thin material, such as crêpe-de-chine or lace, while the chief portion of it is made by a firmer fabric, such as silk, or panne below the bust, pouched, or tight-fitting like a corselet, or cut into a bolero almost hiding a pouched underbodice, is the main idea in many high evening bodices, and obviously lends itself easily to the desired end.

A dress made in Paris for the young Queen of Holland is in white silk of the smooth, soft kind known as fleur-de-velours, brocaded in stripes with sprays of rosebuds. It is made with a Princess tunic of this beautiful material trained at the back, but in front cut off to show an underskirt of white pleated crêpe-de-chine embroidered with diamonds. Garlands of roses trim round the tunic, looping it at intervals into slight folds; and a trail of the same flowers is placed in the newest fashion, going over one shoulder, and thence falling down back and front. The stomacher of pleated crêpe-de-chine is sewn with many diamonds—real ones, I understand, in this case. This is the sort of regal dress that the ordinary woman would become absurd by trying to copy; just as the wedding-dress of the young Countess of Cromartie, a train of cloth-of-silver falling from between the shoulders over fine lace and satin, was eminently suited for her social consequence, but would not have been in keeping in many brides. The young Countess wore at her wedding a number of diamond ornaments, among them earrings of fine brilliants, which constituted the wedding present of her sister. The gift of the Duchess of Sutherland to this niece of her husband was the same as her Grace gave to the other niece, who was also married from Stafford House a few weeks ago—the truly dual present of a sable cape.

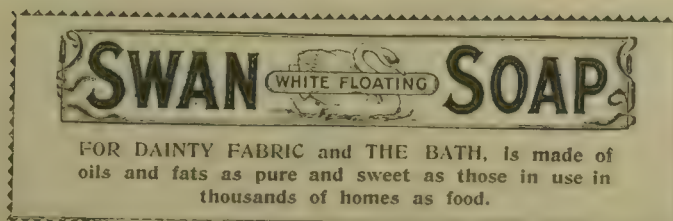
Our Illustrations are of very handsome opera wraps. One in white poplin has sling sleeves and side pieces of lace, and is finished with fringe and ostrich feather trimming. The other, in white Indian cashmere, has a fringed sash of silk for the bust and a yoke of lace edged with fringe and finished with white fox fur.

Annual sales are here again, and early in the field with attractive announcements are Messrs. Peter Robinson's two establishments. The one in Oxford Street can boast of having "everything for ladies' wear." The Regent Street establishment, Nos. 232 to 264, Regent Street, once known as "Peter Robinson's Mourning Warehouse," now not only makes a speciality of that feature, but also has a large and fine costume show-room for coloured dresses, silk and material, and many other kinds of made-up goods, coats and opera-cloaks, furs, and also all kinds of materials are sold there. For the sale immense reductions are made, the silks in many cases being little more than half the original price, such as fleur-de-velours in black, usual price 4s. 11d. per yard, reduced to 2s. 11d.; or, better still, fancy brocaded velvets, just what a stately matron wants for her evening gown, reduced from 6s. 6d. to 2s. 11d. per yard. Remnants of all sorts and likewise made-up dresses are marked of the most wonderful cheapness, and the early comers on New Year's morning will find a tempting stock laid out ready for her inspection.

At Peter Robinson's Oxford Street house, the vast range of rooms for "departments" innumerable is filled with goods "marked down" in such variety and with such lavish hands that it is not possible to give an idea of



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the variety and the reduction. In a great house like this the sale is a genuine institution, for it is useless for such a business to keep goods on hand from one season to another—all must be in the forefront of fashion, and so anything that is in any way "season's" goods is cleared out. Mothers of large families should take advantage of the sale of children's costumes, many of which are only one-third the original price; and early visitors will find Paris model girls' dresses there, and in quite large sizes. Tea-gowns in French models are allowed to go at a bargain, and are all mantles and made-up dresses. Wonderful reductions are made in the dress-material department, where some really good stuffs are to be had at as low as 7s. 11d. the dress length, and some French fancy silk and wool mixtures that were 7s. 11d. the yard are now to be picked up by the wise for less than two pounds the dress length. Remnants of silk suitable for blouses are offered in quantity at half price, and so are thousands of remnants in those cotton materials that will be wanted in a few months more. A speciality is a black satin skirt to wear with blouses, trimmed with a corded flounce and glass buttons, quite the latest idea of fashion in every way, but reduced from nearly six pounds to 75s. Blouses are a special feature of this house at all times, and are got rid of in the sale at great reductions. Real



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lace, umbrellas, boots and shoes, fans, pictures, stationery, table and house linen. I jostle together at random just to show you the variety of the goods to be inspected at the Oxford Circus Peter Robinson's house.

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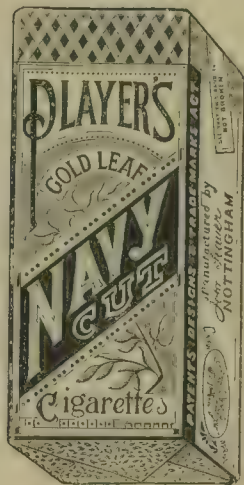
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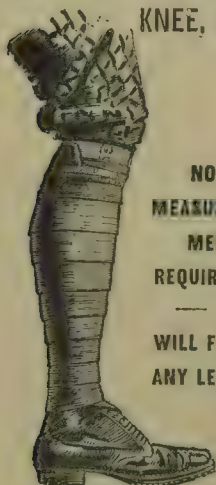
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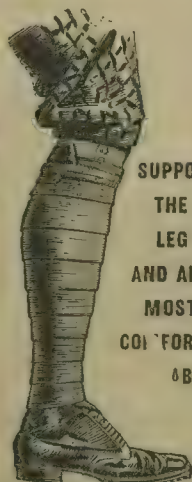
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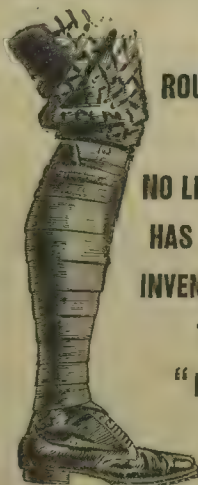
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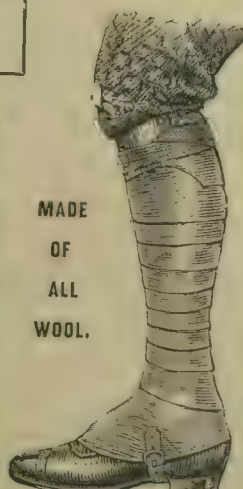
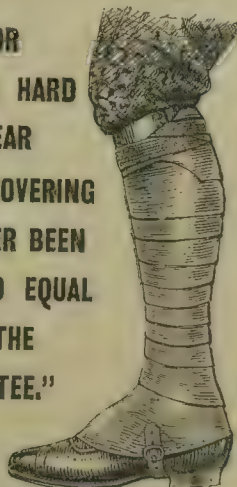
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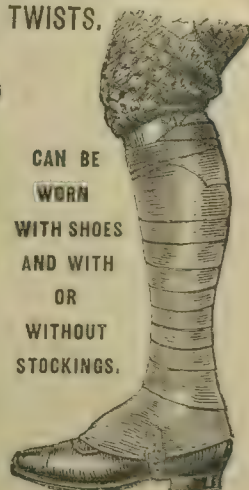
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SCENES IN GRIQUATOWN.

From Griquatown come two pictures which have especial interest in connection with the Boer raid reported in that quarter from Hopetown on Nov. 28. It appears that one hundred Boers entered the town and robbed the police station there. Inspector Guillard, who was in command, was imprisoned for removing the breech-blocks from the

widowhood the use and enjoyment of his premises at Godden Green, and an annuity of £4000, or of £1000 in the event of her marriage, to his wife; £200 to his brother Anthony; £250 to John James Griffiths; and £50 to his coachman, James King. The residue of his property he leaves as to one sixth each to his children Gilbert, Sydney, Leonard Lovell, Ernest John, and Mrs. Julia Speyer, and one sixth, upon trust, for his son Harold. He makes no

Sir Leslie Falkiner, Bart., £1000; to his grandsons Gerald and Brian Bernard, £500 each; to William George Anderson, £2000; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his two daughters.

The will (dated April 22, 1896) of Mrs. Harriet Black, widow, of 31, Hyde Park Gardens, who died on Oct. 24,



ENROLLING FARMERS AS SPECIAL POLICE AT GRIQUATOWN, UPON WHICH THE BOERS HAVE RECENTLY MADE AN ARMED RAID.



INSPECTOR GUILLARD.
PUBLIC BUILDINGS, GRIQUATOWN, WITH MAGISTRATES, POLICE OFFICERS, AND DIVISIONAL COUNCIL FOR THE DISTRICT OF HAY, CAPE COLONY.

Photographs supplied by Mr. Guillard.

Government rifles. Griquatown is in the district of Hay, Cape Colony. Our illustrations show a group of officials and the public buildings, also the enrolment of farmers last September for the police. In one of the pictures Inspector Guillard himself appears.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Sept. 20, 1899) of Mr. Frank Hudson, J.P., of Godden Green, near Sevenoaks, and of Messrs. Hudson Brothers, Limited, Ludgate Hill, who died on Oct. 26, was proved on Dec. 15 by Mrs. Mary Hudson, the widow, Gilbert Hudson, the son, John James Griffiths, and William Joynson Hicks, the executors, the value of the estate being £275,810. The testator gives £1000, his furniture and effects, carriages and horses, and during her

further provision for his son Frank, as he is already sufficiently provided for.

The will (dated March 21, 1898) of Mr. William Mortimer Maynard Farmer, of Maynardville, Wynberg, Cape of Good Hope, and 18, Bina Gardens, South Kensington, who died on Sept. 30, was proved on Dec. 15, in London, by Mrs. Anna Maria Delaentz Farmer, the widow, and Mrs. Enid Mortimer Bernard, the daughter, two of the executrices, the value of the estate being £201,021. The testator gives to his wife the use of his premises at Maynardville, with the furniture and effects therein, and the income of one half of his residuary estate; to his daughter, Mrs. Enid Mortimer Bernard, £4000; to her husband, Major John Bernard, £1000; to his daughter, Dame Elaine Maynard Falkiner, £4000; to her husband,

was proved on Nov. 28 by Mrs. Mary Pickering, the daughter, and John Charles Salt, the nephew, the executors, the value of the estate being £83,063. The testatrix bequeaths £200 each to the Bishop of London's Fund and the Convalescent Institution, Walton-on-Thames; £100 each to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the National Society for the Education of the Poor (whose offices are at the Sanctuary, Westminster), the Middlesex Hospital, St. Mary's Hospital, the Stafford Infirmary, the Lunatic Asylum, Stafford, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, the East London Church Fund, the Metropolitan Visiting and Relief Society, Pall Mall, the Society for the Relief of Distress, 78, Jermyn Street, the Aberdeen Infirmary, the Lunatic Society (Aberdeen), and the National Life-boat Institution; and

INFLUENZA.

BOVRIL



"Alas! my poor Brother"

The Coming Epidemic.

There can be no doubt that Influenza is rapidly spreading. In many quarters the outbreak is serious. A glance at the mortality returns shows an alarming increase in the number of deaths from pulmonary complaints, most of which are aggravated by, or are the immediate result of, Influenza.

Timely precautions are of vital importance. In most cases an occasional cup of hot Bovril is all that is necessary to avert an Influenza attack. Bovril tones up the system and prevents and counteracts the dangerous effects of cold.

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and vitality, and maintains the healthy glow of bodily warmth without which Influenza is a constant menace both to the strong and the weak. Exposure to the weather, postponement of regular meals, insufficiency of really nourishing foods, bring about a decrease of warmth and vitality and a consequent depression of spirits, a condition which practically invites attack. All this may be easily avoided by the handy cup of hot Bovril.

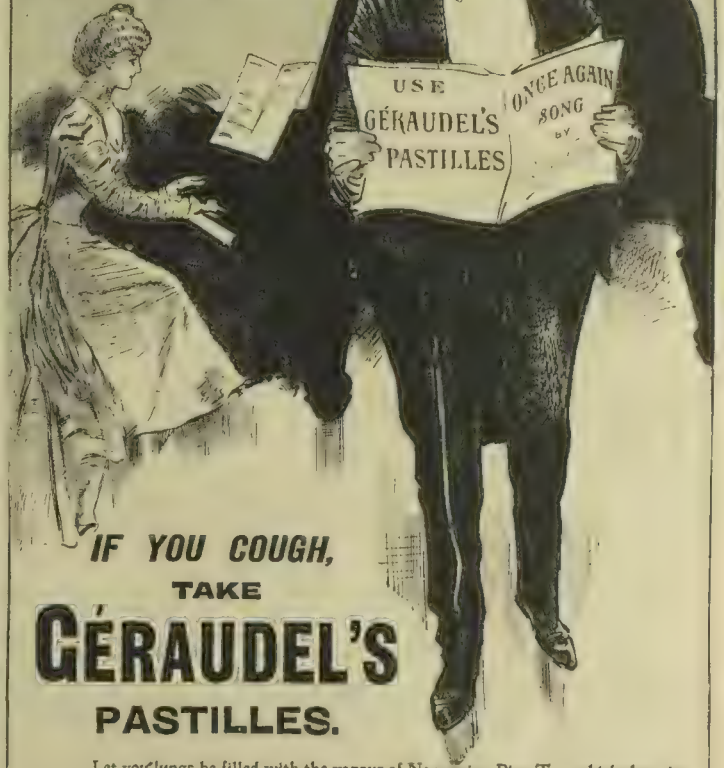
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I'll sing their praises
ONCE AGAIN.



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... Let your lungs be filled with the vapour of Norwegian Pine Tar, which they give off whilst dissolving in the mouth. The efficacy of Pine Tar in all affections of the Throat and Lungs is well known, the best mode of applying it is by inhalation, and the mouth makes the best inhaler.

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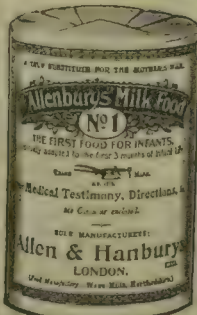
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A PROGRESSIVE DIETARY, unique in providing nourishment suited to the growing digestive powers of young infants from birth upwards, and free from dangerous germs.

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Specially adapted to the first three months of life.

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Similarly adapted to the second three months of life.

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For Infants over six months of age.

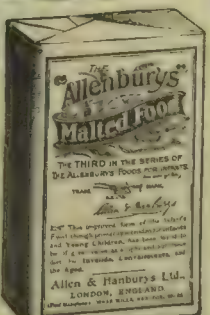
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Complete Foods, **STERILIZED**, and needing the addition of hot water only.

To be prepared for use by the addition of COW'S MILK, according to the directions given.

Infants' Food Manufactory: WARE MILLS, HERTFORDSHIRE.



£50 each to the Aberdeen Dispensary, the Aberdeen Central Coal Fund, and the West Aberdeen Coal Fund. She also bequeaths £1500 each to her nieces Sarah Ann Mitford and Katherine Salt; £1500 to her nephew Thomas Salt, of St. George's Square; £2000, her household furniture and effects, and her leasehold house, 9, Russell Square, to her daughter, Mrs. Pickering; £500 each to her grandchildren Mary Ursula Pickering and Frank Alexander Pickering; £500 to her sister-in-law, Mary Jane Salt, of 29, Gordon Square; £1500 each to her nieces Sarah Brent and Harriet Salt; £2000 each to her nephew Dr. Henry Salt, Fanny Madan, and Mrs. Eliza Howard, and her nephew John Charles Salt; and many legacies to relatives and servants. The residue of her property she leaves to her daughter, Mrs. Pickering.

The will (dated July 8, 1899) of Lieutenant-Colonel Phineas Cowan, of 27, Linden Gardens, Hyde Park, and 7, Mincing Lane, merchant, a former Alderman and Sheriff of the City of London, who died on Oct. 22, was proved on Dec. 14 by Lewis Phineas Cowan, David Cowan, and Harry Douglas Cowan, the sons, and John Cowan, the brother, the executors, the value of the estate being £43,895. He gave £500, the money in the house and at his private current account, and his house, with the furniture and effects therein, to his wife, Mrs. Rose Cowan; £500 to his brother John; and to his son Lewis Phineas his share in his partnership business, together with so much of the capital therein as will amount to one sixth of

his net residuary estate, his said son paying to his mother, during her life, interest at four per cent. on the said sum, and £50 per annum to his brother John Campbell Cowan. The residue of his property he left, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to his wife, for life, and subject thereto, in equal shares, for his children, Lewis Phineas, David, Harry Douglas, Nina, Lily, and Evelyn, his son Lewis to bring into account the sum already bequeathed to him.

The will (dated March 21, 1893), with a codicil (dated Nov. 22, 1894), of Mr. Richard Musgrave Harvey, J.P., of 73, Portland Place, and 7, Mincing Lane, Deputy-Chairman of the Public Works Loan Board, and a Commissioner of Income Tax, who died on Nov. 10, was proved on Dec. 16 by Mrs. Adeline Harvey, the widow, and the Rev. Charles Musgrave Harvey, the brother, the executors, the value of the estate being £42,829. The testator gives £1000 each to his brother, the Rev. Charles Musgrave Harvey, and his sister, Mrs. Caroline Louisa Trotter; £500 each to his children; £250 to his nephew, Ernest Musgrave Harvey; and £100 to the Establishment for Invalid Ladies, 90, Harley Street. His residuary estate he leaves to his wife.

The will (dated Nov. 25, 1898) of Miss Lucy Sewell, of 10, Vallis Road, Frome, Somerset, who died on Sept. 29, was proved on Dec. 9 by Edgar Robson Tanner and Henry Gurney Aggs, the executors, the value of the estate being £30,378. The testator bequeaths £2000 to the London Missionary Society; £1000 to the London City

Mission; £500 each to the Governors' Benevolent Institution, Sackville Street, and the British and Foreign Bible Society; £200 each to the Frome Town Mission and the Congregational Pastors' Widows' Fund; £1000 each to Ellen Agnes Dalzell and the Rev. Daniel Anthony, of Brighton; £2000 to Charles Alfred Hutton; £1000 between Lucy and Helen Harris; and legacies and annuities to relatives, friends, and servants. The residue of her property she leaves to Elizabeth, Lucy, and Mary Hutton.

The will (dated March 30, 1876) of Mr. George Crutcher, of Elm Bank House, 73, Castelnau, Barnes, who died on Oct. 9, was proved on Dec. 14 by Mrs. May Oliver Crutcher, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £23,951. The testator gives £500 and his household furniture to his wife. Subject thereto, he leaves all his property, upon trust, for her for life and then for his children.

The will (dated June 30, 1899) of the Rev. Frederick Forsyth Thomson, B.A., of 142, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, who died on Oct. 31, was proved on Dec. 14 by the Rev. John Larking Latham, the sole executor, the value of the estate being £28,032. The testator leaves to his executor the distribution of the balance of his private charity account among the following societies—namely, the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, St. John's Foundation School, the Rupture Society, and the Clergy Orphan

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THROUGHOUT JANUARY.

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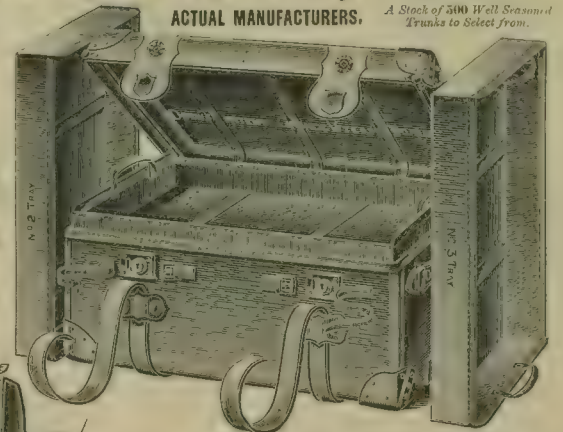
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Furthers and Trimmings cannot get crushed or damaged when travelling. Hats are pinned with Bonnet Pins on Soft Wicker Cones. NO METAL CLAWS OR CLIPS USED. Cases are strongly made and covered in dark brown Waterproof Sailcloth, bound Leather; Leather Handle on Top, good Brass Lock, &c., including 6 Wicker Cones, and 12 Special Hat Pins. Size No. 5, 24 in. long by 17 in. wide by 14 in. high, holds 6 Hats comfortably; price, 39s. Same Case, covered Ox Hide, 43s. 6s. 6d.

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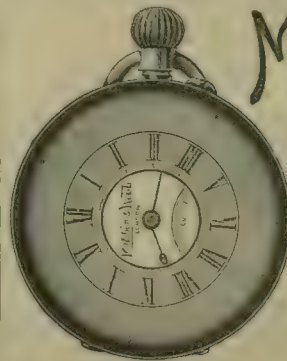
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Physician to the Royal National Hospital for Consumption, Ventnor.

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"MANSION HOUSE" WATCHES (Regd.)

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"Dear Sir,—I am a poor hand at expressing my feelings, but I should like to thank you. Your Lozenges have done wonders in relieving my terrible cough. Since I had the operation of 'Tracheotomy' (the same as the late Emperor of Germany, and, unlike him, thank God, I am still alive) performed at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, no one could possibly have had a more violent cough; it was so bad at times that it quite exhausted me. The mucus, which was very copious and hard, has been softened, and I have been able to get rid of it without difficulty.—I am, Sir, yours truly, J. HILL."

A DOCTOR'S TESTIMONY.
A DOCTOR'S TESTIMONY.
A DOCTOR'S TESTIMONY.

"ROUTH PARK, CARDIFF, SOUTH WALES, *Sept. 28th, 1893.*

"I have, indeed, great pleasure in adding my testimony to your excellent preparation of Cough Lozenges, and I have prescribed it now for the last eight years in my hospitals and private practice, and found it of great benefit. I often suffer from Chronic Bronchitis; your Lozenge is the only remedy which gives me immediate ease. Therefore, I certainly and most strongly recommend your Lozenges to the public who may suffer from Catarrh, Bronchitis, Winter Cough, or any kind of Pulmonary Irritation.—Yours truly,

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"It is 80 YEARS AGO" since KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES were first made, and the sale is larger than ever, because they are unrivalled in the relief and cure of Winter Cough, Asthma, and Bronchitis; one alone gives relief.

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E. Lazenby & Son Ltd. alone possess (and have possessed for over 100 years) the original recipe for Harvey's Sauce.

In the face of numerous imitations (all called Harvey's Sauce) the public who do not want an inferior substitute, should order simply

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and they will then be supplied with the Genuine Harvey's Sauce, every bottle of which bears the well-known label signed Elizabeth Lazenby.

"Lazenby's Sauce" is the only

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and is emphatically superior to the host of imitations which have of late years sought to profit by its great popularity at home and abroad.

NOTE.—As this is the only sauce of its kind manufactured
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A SWAGGER
SMOKE JUST TRY
OGDEN'S
GUINEA GOLD.**

Corporation. He gives £200 to General Horace Montagu, C.B., R.E.; £500 to his cousin, Catherine Toddy; and legacies and specific gifts to relatives and servants. The residue of his property he leaves in equal shares to his nephews Albert Ernest Hallifax, Robert Alfred Plassey Hallifax, his niece Katharine Maria Hallifax, and the Rev. John Larking Iatham.

The will (dated Sept. 2, 1899) of Ernest George Henry Arthur, Earl of Lisburne, of Crosswood, Cardigan, who died on Sept. 1, was proved on Dec. 18 by William Hughes Jones and Frederick Richard Roberts, the executors, the value of the estate being £21,860. The testator gives £500 to his wife, Evelyn, Countess of Lisburne; £100 to Frederick Richard Roberts; £100 and pair of guns to his nephew, Charles Henry Hall Monro; £200 to his agent, Robert Gardner; and £100 for distribution among his employés. He devises his real property upon the like trusts as of those of the family settled estates. The residue of his personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for his son.

The will of Mr. Henry Geldart Metcalfe, of The Elms, Ringwood, Hants, who died on Oct. 29, was proved on Dec. 12 by Mrs. Mary Metcalfe, the widow, John Henville Hulbert, and John Greetham Metcalfe, the son, the executors, the value of the estate being £10,136.

The will of Dame Annie Mary Ramsden, of Abbots Wood, Furness Abbey, Lancaster, who died on Aug. 3, was proved on Dec. 13 by Frederick James Ramsden, the son and sole executor, the value of the estate being £4947.

WEATHER AND LIFE.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

When the average mortal has said "Good day" to his friend or acquaintance, the weather forms the topic of conversation that appears, of all others, to crop up to the intellectual surface with unfailing and unvarying persistence. Many a friendship, I doubt not, has begun with a chance remark of a meteorological kind, and it is well within the bounds of probability that many a matrimonial alliance has started on its course and evolution with the weather as a subject of talk between the newly introduced parties to the alliance. Science has made a special study of weather-conditions for its own ends. I do not allude here to the work of the Meteorological Office, to the prediction of storms and cyclones, or to the many other interesting aspects in which weather-changes are studied and defined. I mean to imply rather the study of the effects which weather exerts on the human race at large.

For example, long ago Sir Arthur Mitchell, M.D., and Dr. Alexander Buchan made a series of important researches into the seasonal prevalence of certain diseases. They constructed a series of tables in which, by means of the contrast between a straight line, representing the mean or average prevalence of each ailment, and a curve representing its periods of rise and

fall, it became easy to tell at a glance in which months the disease might be expected to show its minimum and to exhibit its maximum developments respectively. For example, the curve of smallpox shows us that this ailment is more prevalent from January to June than in the latter half of the year. Measles shows us a descending curve in January, a rise in May and June, a fall from August to October, and then a rise in November and December, carrying us on to the January fall. Scarlet fever is low from January to July; it rises in August and is high till the end of December. Typhoid fever is typically an ailment of the autumn. That is why Americans call it "fall fever."

The cause of these seasonal variations is, I think, not a matter difficult of solution. If infectious troubles are the direct result of the multiplication within our bodies of definite microbes, then, like other living things, these germs must demand their own conditions for successful development. Varying degrees of heat and moisture and allied states of the weather must be represented in their life-history, with the effect of encouraging their growth and of sending up the risks of infection, or, conversely, of retarding their multiplication, and of causing the ailments they represent to diminish in intensity. An old doctor used to warn his patients who were given to apopleptic tendencies to avoid all bustle and worry when the barometer showed a marked tendency to fall. This time also is unfavourable for operations, and a west or south-west

Over SEVENTY YEARS' Established Reputation.

Neave's Food

Has for some time been used in the
RUSSIAN IMPERIAL FAMILY



Sir CHAS. A. CAMERON, M.D., recommends NEAVE'S FOOD as "An excellent Food, admirably adapted to the wants of infants and young persons; and, being rich in phosphates and potash is of the greatest utility in supplying the bone-forming and other indispensable elements of Food."

"Very carefully prepared and highly nutritious."—LANCET.

A MOST NUTRITIOUS FOOD FOR NURSING MOTHERS.

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MASSENET
THE GREAT FRENCH
COMPOSER, SAYS:

To give to a musical work an absolute and exact interpretation; to make clear the composer's most intimate thoughts; to bring into play a wealth of execution which only the orchestra can give; in a word, to translate all the shades of colouring intended by the composer—this is the achievement of the Aeolian.



Aeolian as supplied to Her Majesty the Queen.

Aeolians cost from £24 to £600. Catalogue 25 upon request.

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A VERY SMALL percentage of those who enjoy good music are able to play any instrument.

There are many people who possess a musical temperament who lack the technical skill necessary to play the piano or organ, and again there are those who acquire digital dexterity whose playing is totally devoid of feeling or expression. The best critics are seldom proficient performers. The keen appreciation of the true musician is born in a man—it can be cultivated or it can be neglected, but it never leaves him; it is a gift.

The Aeolian is the true musician's instrument. In the Aeolian he finds the medium by which he can express his musical conceptions. He can play a sonata of Beethoven and impress it with his individual interpretation. The expression, the tempo, the colour, and even the phrasing, are directly under his control.

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3/- Per Bottle. 45/- Per Doz.

A couple of wineglassfuls daily are found to work wonders for those suffering from the effects of Mental and Physical Overwork. Testimonials have been received from 8000 Physicians.

MARIANI WINE QUICKLY RESTORES
HEALTH, STRENGTH,
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FORTIFIES, STRENGTHENS,
STIMULATES AND INVIGORATES
THE BODY AND BRAIN.
HASTENS CONVALESCENCE especially after INFLUENZA.

HIS HOLINESS THE POPE writes that he has "fully appreciated the beneficial effects of this tonic wine, and has forwarded to M. Mariani, as a token of his gratitude, a gold medal bearing his august effigy."
Professor CHARLES FAUVEL writes: "Of all tonics, and I have tried almost all, not one equals Mariani Wine, so highly esteemed by the medical profession in France and other countries. I use it personally and for my family, and I have prescribed it during twenty years with wonderful success to myself and my patients."

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THEY WILL DO YOU ALL SORTS OF GOOD

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is head and shoulders above all others, because it does its work thoroughly and effectively, and without injury to the skin of the user, or the Metal Cleaned. The Sale of **GLOBE METAL POLISH** exceeds that of all other Polishes.

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Flavour.

There is no Cocoa so nice to drink as SUCHARD'S. There is none that charges the atmosphere with so pleasant and appetising an aroma. SUCHARD'S Cocoa possesses more flavour and a finer flavour than any other. These are bold statements to make; we mean them to be, because we appeal to a very easy test—the drinking test—a single cup of Cocoa will convince you.

COCOA ECONOMY.—One pound of SUCHARD'S Cocoa yields from 100 to 150 cups of good, aromatic, delicious Cocoa. $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. Tin, 9d.; $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. Tin, 1/6; 1-lb. Tin, 2/10.

CHOCOLAT SUCHARD
33, KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.

wind has been reckoned as representing a direction of the air currents whereof the surgeon should take note as being against his case. A high barometer and a north or north-west wind are conditions which are considered favourable for successful surgical work. These are purely scientific aspects of the weather question; but Mr. E. G. Dexter, M.A., has gone "one better" in the study of meteorology in its social phases. He calls his essay "Conduct and the Weather," which is assuredly an admirable title; for in one way, at least, it will arouse speculation concerning the relations of the two things. That Mr. Dexter has a fine field for inquiry, no one may doubt. Within the range of social observation of a very ordinary

kind we find evidence of the weather affecting our disposition, our cheerfulness, and our temperament at large. A dull day depresses us, causes us to become morbid in our thoughts. It is then our pulse beats slow, and the heart's action and breathing are inhibited in some degree. The bright, clear, crisp day, on the other hand, imbues us with "the pulses of hope." The heart quickens its pulsations, breathing is more rapid, our blood is better oxygenated, and our brain-cells receiving a fuller complement of that vital fluid, we regard life brightly.

This much is, of course, evident to anybody who, without being an unduly sensitive person, cares to analyse his

own moods and tempers under the influence of varying degrees of light, heat, and the like. Mr. Dexter's researches appear to warrant the belief that there is more to be found in weather-conditions than superficial study might indicate. In New York, it is stated, school boys and girls do their best work on clear, cold, and calm days. The foggy, dull days see them at their worst. In Colorado, we are told, wind is the enemy of education, while calmness is a favouring condition; and in the case of development, boys are more affected by weather states than girls. But boys are notoriously the survivors of our savage ancestry; and they, as might be expected, would be more likely to sympathise with their surroundings than girls.

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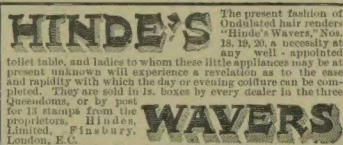
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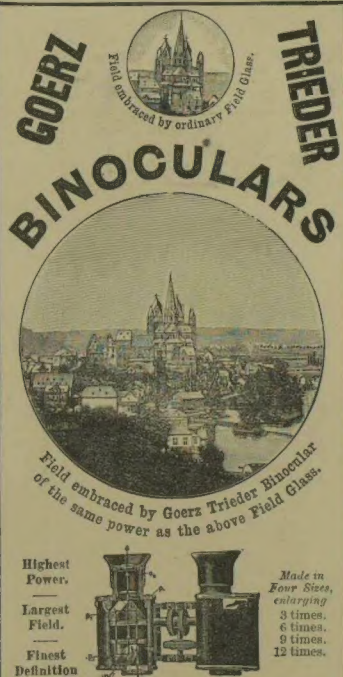
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9 5 " 7 3	4 4 0	11 10 " 8 3	6 4 0	14 11 " 10 8	9 6 0
10 4 " 7 5	4 14 0	12 8 " 8 1	6 5 0	14 0 " 11 6	10 6 0
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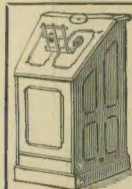
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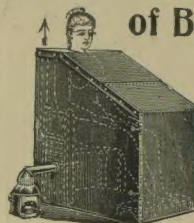
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